

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1893.

No. 5.

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From Oct. 20, 1892, to Nov. 20, 1892.

No. of Policy.	Name of Insured and Residence at Time of Death.	Amount of Policy Including Additions.	Premiums Paid Less Dividends.	Profit on Investment.
2,012	Isaac D. Allen, Newton, Mass.	\$1,000	\$109.26	\$890.74
12,298	John B. Stewart, Auburn, Mass.	2,000	515.54	1,484.46
19,331	Catharine M. Hess, Philadelphia, Pa.	4,827	2,619.79	2,207.21
45,781	Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.	5,000	2,414.15	2,585.85
48,357	"	5,000	2,369.35	2,630.65
54,292	Warren E. Peavey, Cambridge, Mass.	1,500	480.33	1,019.67
65,888	Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.	15,000	3,701.12	11,298.88
70,419	Simeon B. Folsom, Dover, N. H.	2,000	285.80	1,714.20
73,600	William Morris, Covington, Ky.	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
73,601	"	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
77,795	John H. Pope, Forest City, Ark.	5,000	141.20	4,858.80
79,192	William M. Runk, Philadelphia, Pa.	10,000	452.00	9,548.00

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ARLINGTON ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

—Rev. E. Winchester Donald, rector of Trinity church, Boston, solemnized the marriage of Mr. Henry A. Dexter, of Elmira, N. Y., and Miss Charlotte Lapham Gage, daughter of Mrs. Chas. O. Gage of Cambridge, formerly of Arlington, at Trinity, on Tuesday noon. Miss Gage was well known to society outside of Arlington, having travelled quite extensively in the states and on the continent under her mother's chaperonage, and is the second daughter of the late Chas. O. Gage, who died suddenly last winter, but who, during his life was one of the best known and most influential citizens of Arlington, occupying a fine estate on Pleasant St. Miss Gage has a handsome and distinguished presence and made an exceptionally beautiful bride in her severely plain but rich bridal robe of white satin and carried her honors with great dignity. The bridal veil was of mouseline de soie and outlined the extreme length of the court train also falling over the face being gathered loosely on her dark wavy hair and held in place with a diamond crescent; it was drawn aside from the face at the conclusion of the ceremony. Promptly as the electric bell announced the hour of high noon, the organist struck the chords of the Lohengrin wedding march and the bridal cortege moved up the aisle, the ushers leading, followed by Miss Ruth Reade Gage who was maid of honor to her sister. The bride came next on the arm of Mr. Howard Wyman who gave her away at the chancel rail to her affianced, who was supported by his brother Mr. John Milton Dexter as best man. The ceremony was a simple but impressive one. Miss Ruth Gage wore an original and striking Director gown of pale gray linsdown lined with canary satin with broad lappels and collar of canary velvet, a large hat of gray with white ostrich plume completing the costume. The wedding party left the church at 12:20 and was driven to the Brunswick. Here in the Venetian suite was served an elegant wedding breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter left on the 3 p. m. train for New York and sailed for England on the Steamer Majestic, on Wednesday. Their home will be in Oxford, where the bridegroom will continue his studies preparatory to his becoming an Episcopal rector. The ceremony was to have been performed by Bishop Brooks, who was a personal friend of Mr. Dexter, and but for the exigencies of the occasion the ceremony would have been postponed out of the deep respect for the great man who so suddenly passed away, casting a gloom over all. The ushers were Messrs. Charles Hayden, Guy Walker, Dr. J. H. Payne of Boston, Griswald Stowe of Belmont, Wm. Ganott Brown of Alabama, Alex. Lee Bondurant of Virginia, Francis Gordon Coffey of Alabama and Dr. E. D. Hooker of Arlington. Their boutonnieres of pink were fastened with a jeweled gold wish bone, a souvenir from the bridegroom. Only a few Arlington people were present as guests but a number were present in the spectators' seats. The following were among the guests known to society of Arlington:—

Mrs. Gage-Coburn and children, Mr. and Mrs. Keubin Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, Roland Hopkins, Miss Elizabeth J. Newton, the Misses Frowbridge, Mrs. S. A. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. George Smith, Miss Robbins, Miss Eliza Robbins, Miss Cairns Robbins, Mr. Olney Robbins, Miss Peabody (Boston), Mr. Edgar D. Parker, Mrs. Varnum Frost, Miss Frost, Miss Florence Harris, Miss Olive Gage (Concord), Lewis P. Frost, Esq., Miss Edith Allen, Mrs. F. G. Bucknam, Miss Bucknam.

—The Grand Army "Saturday Night," which occurred on the 21st instant, was the most successful in point of interest and attendance of any yet held, and set a high standard for the committee in charge for next Saturday evening, when the W. R. C. will try their skill as entertainers. The entertainment on the 21st consisted of piano solos and fine accompaniments by Mrs. Mabel (Rawson) Ross; solos which were heartily applauded and repeatedly encored by Mr. Warren W. Rawson; several recitations which "carried the house by storm" given by Prof. Alden and Mrs. Alden, both of Boston, guests of Capt. E. D. Bean; duets and solos by Mr. A. W. Turner and Comrade George E. Ayerill; cornet solo by Mr. Ivers Wetherbee. No one of the party was more warmly received than was Mr. Turner, who was at length obliged to decline recalls. After a good collation the company spent an hour or more in dancing and social pleasures. Mr. George H. Ayerill was chairman of the committee in charge.

—The warm weather of Monday and Tuesday cut deeply into the good sleighing which has obtained for the past few weeks.

—The public installation of the officers of Charles V. Marsh Camp 45, Sons of Veterans, was an interesting event in itself and cannot but result in immediate benefit in view of the showing the "Sons" made in the presence of the members of Francis Gould Post 36 and Relief Corps 43, last Friday evening. The exercises were held in Grand Army Hall, and the company participating in the exercises and witnessing the affair as spectators, numbered more than one hundred. The installing officer was Capt. J. H. Powers of Canton, and his familiarity with his duties and the easy grace in which he performed them was highly commended by all. The following is the full roster for the ensuing term:—

Captain,—John T. Moulton.
1st Lieut.—Arthur Moulton.
2d Lieut.—James Mulholland.
Chaplain,—Major Bacon, 2d.
1st Sergt.—Joseph Hurley.
Q. Master,—Wm. H. Kenniston.
Color Sergt.—E. Gibbons.
Sergt. Gd.—G. Peters.
Musician,—B. Northrop.
Corp. Gd.—C. Northrop.
Camp Gd.—S. Harris.
Picket Gd.—J. Gibbons.

At the conclusion of the installation speech making was in order, and in response to calls Com. A. H. Knowles, Past Com's S. C. Frost and H. D. Durgin spoke from the G. A. R. standpoint; Mrs. E. A. Jacobs and Mrs. S. C. Frost for the W. R. C.; Col. W. S. Stevens responded for the S. of V.; Miss Whitman, of Stoneham, for the recently organized "Daughters of Veterans." The words spoken by the seniors were full of encouragement and pledges of assistance to the boys who must so soon take up the active duties of Memorial Day and supplement the work of the G. A. R., and the prospect is that the coming year will be the most successful one in the history of Camp 45. These formal exercises closed to partake of a fine collation spread in the banquet hall, and later a pleasing entertainment was given, ending in a dance for all who cared to participate.

—Parker & Wood, of which firm Mr. Wm. E. Wood has been senior member for the past nine years, formally sold out its business to the Joseph Breck & Sons Corporation, on Saturday last. The new corporation, the same day, also purchased the entire business property of the old firm of Joseph Breck & Sons, and will henceforth occupy the commodious and beautified store (Nos. 47 to 54 North Market street) formed by uniting the two old stands into one immense salesroom, which work is now nearly completed. While Mr. Wood withdraws the greater portion of his capital and will devote himself exclusively to his interests in the ice tool business of Wm. T. Wood & Co., he still holds a considerable investment in the stock of the new corporation, and will naturally appreciate the inclination of his fellow-townsmen and friends to continue their purchases of seeds and garden tools at the old place. Joseph Breck & Sons Corporation will also continue the New England agency of Wm. T. Wood & Co.'s ice tools, formerly held by Parker & Wood. Mr. E. O. Hatch, of Waverly, who has been the active managing partner of Parker & Wood during the past four years, will be general manager in the corporation and will personally see that customers are served promptly and efficiently. The capital stock of the corporation is \$125,000, and the officers are: C. H. B. Breck, president; Chas. H. Breck, treasurer; Jos. F. Breck, secretary; Edw. O. Hatch, general manager; Archibald Smith, seed department manager.

—Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, pastor of the Follen church at East Lexington, gave a highly entertaining and remarkably instructive lecture on "Palestine in the time of Jesus," in Unitarian church, Arlington, Wednesday evening. With the aid of the stereopticon numerous views of the territory and buildings were given and the lecturer's happy faculty of clear explanation made the whole an object lesson of great value to any now engaged in studying the life of Jesus in the Sunday school.

—Last evening, on the home alleys, the A. B. C. team won in the bowling match with Melrose Highlands, 2448 to 2404. Hesselstine was high roller for the Arlingtons, with 563, but Berry, of the visitors, went him 6 better in total. Whittemore's score was 500; Marston's 492. This evening the A. B. C. team goes to Dorchester to bowl a game with the club there. Next week Wednesday the Arlingtons bowl with the Casinos on the Norfolk House alleys.

—The second in the subscription parties managed by Miss Homer and Miss Holtz, will occur a week from to-night, Feb. 3d, in Town Hall. These select dancing assemblies are anticipated with pleasure by their patrons.

—Lent comes in early this year, Ash Wednesday occurring on Wednesday, Feb. 15.

—The Firemen's Relief Association has its plans well in hand for the annual dancing party.

—Rev. C. H. Watson will preach at the chapel, Arlington Heights, Sunday afternoon, at half past three o'clock.

—Rev. I. C. Tomlinson will preach a sermon appropriate to Christian Endeavor day, Sunday morning, at the Universalist church.

—All in any way connected with the G. A. R. or its auxiliaries are invited to be present at the sociable to be given in Grand Army Hall, to-morrow evening.

—Rev. Charles H. Watson was the university preacher at Colby University on the day of prayer for colleges, which occurred yesterday.

—Next week Friday, in the Selectmen's room, in Town Hall, the County Commissioners will give a hearing on the proposed widening of Mystic St.

—The A. B. C. bowling team visited Salem, last Monday evening, for one of their return games with the club of that city, and were defeated, 2426 to 2229. Whittemore was high bowler on the A. B. C. side, scoring 492 pins. Only one other reached the 450 mark.

—The young people's dancing class met as usual on Wednesday afternoon in Town Hall, from four to six. After the lesson those pupils who are to take part in the fancy dances, which will be a feature of the closing party, remained to be instructed by Madam Condell in their "steps."

—A special memorial service of the late Bishop Brooks will be held in St. John's church, from 3:30 to 5 p. m., on Sunday. All the ministers of the churches in Arlington have been invited by the rector to be present and to make brief addresses. Members of all the churches will be welcomed.

—Next Sunday evening, at half past seven, the Baptist Y. P. S. C. E. will observe Christian Endeavor Day by a union meeting. Special music will be given. The music will consist of selections as follows: "Send out thy light," Gounod; "Let thy light so shine," Barnby. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—The case of Elmer Partridge, charged with murderous assault on Mrs. Dutton, was called in court at Cambridge, last Friday. Owing to the absence of Mrs. Dutton, on account of her wound, the case was continued for two weeks and young Partridge was bound over in \$1000 bonds for his appearance, his father furnishing the bonds.

—Mr. L. Kimball Russell will have charge of the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting held in the vestry of the Universalist church, next Sunday evening. It will be a special service and will be addressed by Mr. James Tillinghast, of Tufts college, who is prominent in Christian Endeavor work. Other speakers are expected and all interested are invited to attend.

—The "Columbian Bazaar," planned and carried out by the several organizations of the Universalist society for the benefit of the general fund of the church, opened in Town Hall most auspiciously, yesterday afternoon, and will be continued to-day, closing this evening with a grand dance. That our report of the affair may be presented entire, we refrain from any mention of the numerous and peculiar attractions until next week.

—At the regular meeting of the Selectmen, last Saturday evening, a communication was received from the West End Railroad Corporation accepting the location outlined by the Selectmen and agreed upon by the citizens' committee for the extension of their tracks to Arlington Heights. They therefore signed a petition to the Legislature to enact appropriate legislation in the matter, and filed the same with a full draft of the bill or act desired. It now remains with the Legislature to complete the arrangement, the Selectmen having successfully completed their last action in the matter.

—After another two hours' discussion of the case last Monday, the council called to sunder the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Hitchcock over the West Somerville church reached a conclusion concurring in the action of pastor and church and voted to dissolve the connection. Yesterday afternoon a council composed of mainly the same representatives met with the Franklin street Congregational church, Somerville, to act upon the resignation of Rev. Mr. Ross as pastor of that church.

—Next Sunday forenoon Rev. D. N. Beach, of Cambridge, will be the pulpit supply at the Congregational church, in exchange with Rev. S. C. Bushnell.

Mr. Beach is one of the most effective pulpit orators in the Suffolk North Conference and has many personal friends in Arlington who will be glad to know he will speak here next Sunday.

—The alarm of fire from Box 46, Thursday forenoon, was caused by a slight blaze around the chimney of Eber Hill's house, near Brattle station. The alarm had hardly ceased sounding before the "all out" signal was given, neighbors having extinguished the fire without aid from the fire department.

—At St. John's Episcopal church the "Course of sermons on Prayer preparatory to Lent" will be interrupted by the memorial services of the late Phillips Brooks, which will be held both at 10:30 a. m., and 3:30 p. m. At the morning service the rector will read portions of the latest published sermons of the lamented Bishop. The 3:30 p. m. service will be especially designed for all the Christian people of Arlington who may choose to attend.

—Mr. John D. Freeman celebrated his 93rd birthday last Sunday and was kept busy in the afternoon receiving calls from his children and friends. He is in remarkable health for his years, and says that his only realization of his great age is in the fact that he cannot think of a single person with whom he was acquainted in his youth, who is now living.

—Mr. Henry A. Kidder will conduct the services of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor on Sunday evening next, at which time "Christian Endeavor Day" will be observed. The service is held in the vestry of the Congregational church, Pleasant St., and the topic listed for Jan. 29, is: "The day of small things. God's blessing upon it." A full attendance of the society is requested, it being consecration meeting.

—Recent deaths among men but lately in the vigor of perfect health and the strength of mature manhood, in the prime of life, is certainly full of suggestions of its uncertainties, and also that there is wisdom in securing life insurance to the extent of one's ability. We have among us a number of reliable and active agents, representing as good as the best companies in the country, who will be glad to furnish information and issue policies as desired.

—One of the most numerous attendances at funerals ever held in that church was held in St. Malachy church, yesterday forenoon, over the remains of the late William Scannell, who owned the estate and greenhouses adjoining Mt. Pleasant cemetery. For a great many years Mr. Scannell was gardener for the late Nathan Robbins, and in this capacity and since engaging in business on his own account gained and held the entire confidence and respect of all who knew him.

—Beginning next Sunday and continuing throughout February there will be evening services in the First Parish (Unitarian) church. The congregational singing will be led by the Sunday school orchestra. Next Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Gill will speak on "The Story of a Great Hope." The preachers who will be present at the succeeding services will be as follows:—Feb. 5th, Rev. F. Gill; Feb. 12th, Rev. John Cuckson; Feb. 19, Rev. E. A. Horton; Feb. 26th, Rev. F. Gill. The services will commence at half-past seven o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all desiring to attend. At the morning service hereafter, the doxology will be sung promptly at 10:45, the voluntary being played before that time.

Additional Arlington locals on 8th page.

For Breakfast Eat

Wheat Germ.

There's Nothing Half so Good for the Morning Meal.

OLD FATHER PETERS.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

[Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.]

The desperado swung into the saddle and then his followers sent up a gasp of relief. Not at all ashamed of their work, but with their feelings against Father Peters somewhat allayed, Magoone and his gang, on foot and on horseback, started into the hills.

Then the old clergymen assembled his friends before the ruin and addressed them. He counseled patience and peace. He implored them to avoid gatherings and not to talk, even with those they were sure of, on the subject now exciting the land. This done, he called on all to kneel and to join with him in prayer, and all did so excepting the blacksmith, who with folded arms watched the blue smoke pillar rising from the ruin.

"Brother Bradley," said the old clergyman when he had concluded, "will you lead us in prayer?"

Strong in everything he did, the blacksmith during his years of grace had developed a decided talent for prayer. There was a force and a rude eloquence about the man very effective with people of impressionable natures.

"Father Peters," he replied, "I can't pray. Hit don't seem jist the thing fo' me to pray to Jesus Christ when he stands by and sees a lot of cussed rebels burn down the house we uns built fo' him. He had the powah to strike 'em dead like lightning, but did he do it? Not much. Thar's a heap of coals and ash whar the church was, and thar's that d-d Het Magoone off safe with his gang, whin I should a smashed in his skull like the shell of a bird egg and then flung him into the fah."

Father Peters tried to reason with his friend. He repeated all the wise and trite things about the mysterious ways of Providence, the power of prayer, the necessity of keeping alive the faith, and the certainty that truth would triumph; but while still loving and respecting the noble old man, the blacksmith was in no mood to be comforted by words. In effect he replied in this way, and on the men it was evident that his words had a stronger influence than the prayers and exhortations of Father Peters:

"I've got so that I can spell out a few words in the good book, but my youngest boy's got moah downright larnin', fo' he's readin' jography. Still I can think, and I do think right smart, and har's what I've been a thinkin this blessed day, and I say hit without meanin no disrepect fo' Father Peters nor his kin, fo' I love 'em all. God bless 'em."

"But, after long months of waitin and prayin, the wah, ez we uns tried to pray off, hez come to the Cumberland hills, and hit do look powahful like to me ez ef sh'd come fo' a mighty long visit. Wah means fightin and fah and blood and death! Wah and religion can't nevah gee. Yo' can't yoke 'em. One pulls no'th, the other south. One means trustin in God, which is all mighty nice and comfortin in peace, the other means trustin to yo'rself and yo'r rifle, and that's the only thing to do in time of wah. I'll go home from har, and mold bullets in the forge while the lead holds out, and I'll take the good book fo' waddin, to help kill the foes of the Lor', d-n 'em!"

"Go to yo'r homes, folks, and think hit ovah. Tell yo'r wives and chillen, you uns ez ken tote rifles, that you'll be 'bleeged to leave 'em mighty soon, for the chice'll come to be shot down like dogs in these hills or to git together and fight our way to the old fah. The men that fired the meetin house today befoah our eyes, tonight may burn our cabins ovah our heads. If so be they don't do hit, hit won't be coz they don't want to, but coz they're skeert. A man with a rifle will have moah powah to keep 'em low than fifty thousand million meetin houses full of folks a-prayin."

"So that's why I think religion's all right in hit place, and hit may give a powah of comfort to the wimmin when we uns hez 'o light out, but ez fo' me, I'm in fo' wah, and I feel that I'll be 'bleeged to give my religion a rest till we decide with our rifles whether a lot of d-d rebels or we Union men is agwine to hev the free run of the hills along the Cumberland. Thar, that's all I have to say, and hit's right smart moah than I 'tended to say when I sot out."

Father Peters saw that it would be folly to attempt to change the blacksmith, or to try to hold to his own peaceful views the Union mountaineers that heard him. And then, as his daughter confessed in telling the story, he fully appreciated the force of the blacksmith's reasoning about the war, though the change in the man's religious views had on him a most discouraging effect.

Even the women and children present on this occasion seemed to realize that the war had come to the hills, but they made no outcry, gave no sign of nervousness. If anything, indeed, they appeared to rejoice at the prospect of an excitement that would break in on the dull and brutalizing monotony of their lives.

Promising to keep to themselves and to come together at Bradley's Crossing when the danger became more threatening, the people went sadly to their cabins in the mountains, and that night the children gressed patches, the women molded bullets, and with the grim stolidity of Indians preparing for the war-path the men made ready their arms.

Father Peters went home with his wife and daughter with the feeling of a man who has tried to do his duty and will not be deterred by failure from continuance. He was at this time over seventy years of age, and although never physically vigorous he was active and his mind was as clear and his hope as strong and his desire to save his fellow men as fervid as when he was forty. He did not come of a race that could be cowed or discouraged. He had the Puritanical temper that is slow to wrath unless that wrath is kindled by the divine spark, when it becomes a devouring fire for the glory of God.

After supper that night the old man told to his wife and daughter:

"I have been praying for the light, and it has come. I see God's hand in this war. His wrath must be quenched in blood. We are given over to our idols as a nation, and he will consume them in the furnaces of war. Brother Bradley is about right, and I shall pray that his lapse from grace may be brief."

For two weeks after this the crowds kept away from the blacksmith's shop, and there appeared to be quiet in the hills, but every one felt that it was the quiet that preceded the storm. News came that Het Magoone, who had formerly lived in the Tennessee mountains, had gone south with a band of his followers, and some people drew comfort from this, but Bradley would shake his head and say:

"They're a comin. Zollicoffer is raisin in an army down thar by the border, and they're a comin." And the blacksmith was right.

In the latter part of November, 1861, the mountaineers of southeastern Kentucky were in a state of great alarm. Rumors of a Confederate invasion along the line of the Cumberland river were rife, and wild and entirely baseless stories of the cruelties perpetrated by Zollicoffer's men, at Zollicoffer's order, were firmly believed. Now and then a ragged refugee from farther south found protection and a stoppage place with Bradley; and these men told their stories of suffering and escape, only to increase the horror and indignation of their brethren along the upper Cumberland.

One day a Union man, who lived about fifteen miles south of the Crossing, came running down to the blacksmith's shop with the news that Het Magoone, with a company of men who called him "captain," were in Laurel county, and that they were either killing or forcing into their ranks every Union man they met. As Bradley had been expecting this he could not be surprised. In anticipation of just such an occurrence and the better to assemble the Union men within reach, he had caused piles of dry wood to be gathered on the highest hills for miles around, the smoke by day or the flame by night being the signal to the Union men that they must gather at the Crossing.

As soon as the sun had gone down that night Bradley and a few of his friends went up to the peaks and lighted the fires. On his way back he stopped at Father Peters' house and said in his blunt way:

"The time fo' fightin hez come, thank the Lor, fo' hit can't be mo' killin than the worryin and waitin. Now git together all the things we ken tote and we'll fatch 'em down to my place. Thar'll be no use in lockin up what's left behind ef the doggone curs ez a-comin har wants to steal 'em. Now let we uns hurry."

Father Peters and his family saw the necessity for action. There was no nervousness on his part, no groans or outcries from the women. They gathered up each a change of clothes and the few little things that are precious because of association rather than for their intrinsic value. The blacksmith prepared a gre load of meal and bacon for himself to carry; then the stock were turned out of the inclosure, so that they might be able to find water, if need be, for themselves; the doors were closed but not locked, and then, with the great fires burning on the hills about them, the little party started down to the Crossing.

By ten o'clock that night thirty-one men and half as many women, the latter wives or sweethearts, had assembled in the blacksmith's shop. Those from the farthest points south had seen the Confederates, and there could be no doubt as to their purpose or their destination.

Bradley sent out pickets—"spies" he called them—to give warning of the approach of the enemy; then he started a fire in the forge, fastened a few tallow dips to the black walls, and, having commanded attention, he stood up on the anvil block and shouted:

"Boys, what shall we uns do—retreat fo' the no'th or stand and fight?"

This was followed by a few seconds of a silence so intense that every man could hear the beating of his own heart, and with frightened eyes the women looked from face to face. At length a strong, clear, familiar voice rang out.

"In the name of Great Jehovah we will stand and fight!"

All eyes turned in the direction of the sound, but not to ascertain the speaker. Into the full light of the forge, which a strong arm kept blowing, walked Father Peters with the battle light in his eyes and a rifle in his hand. A moment of awed silence, then the blacksmith shouted:

"For Father Peters, boys! Cheer, d-n you, cheer!"

And they did cheer and swung their hats, and their eyes blazed till it seemed as if there were no further need of the tallow dips or the blue flames of the forge.

"My friends," said Father Peters, "God is watching and not listening now, and so a prayer must be an act. Tonight, perhaps, within the hour, we shall be called on to strike a blow for the Union under the lead of Brother Bradley. Are you all ready to do it?"

"We uns are!" was the response, given as one man.

"And are you ready to swear to this?"

"Yes!" with thrilling emphasis.

The old clergyman drew from his breast a small United States flag that he had carried off among the precious things from his house. He always hung it over the meeting house door on Washington's birthday and Fourth of July, so that the people knew it. Indeed, it was the only flag of the Union a majority of them had ever seen, but its rarity seemed to intensify their devotion to it. Standing in their midst Father Peters called on every man who was willing to swear allegiance to the Union to uncover his head and take hold of a margin of the flag with his right hand. This was promptly done by every man in the smithy.

"Now, my friends, I want each man to repeat his name aloud when I repeat mine and to say my words after me. Are you ready?"

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A hoarse, solemn "Yes" was the response.

"I, Robert Peters," every man shouted his name and raised his face to the black rafters of the smithy. "In the presence of Almighty God, do invoke his aid and pray that he may set against my name in the eternal records this, the solemn oath which I herein take of my own free will and accord: That I from this time on devote my best efforts and strength, and if need be my life, to the maintenance of the Union of my fathers. That by night and by day, early and late, in summer's sun and winter's snow, I will work for the restoration of the seceded states to the Union, and consider suffering and privation a pleasure in this effort. Goods and lands, hands and life I solemnly devote to this holy purpose; and if called on to battle I will battle as did the children of God of old, till the flag of our fathers, of ourselves and of our children floats again in glory over every foot of our land. So help me, God, and give me strength to keep this, my most solemn oath and obligation."

And this oath in that blacksmith's shop that night was the origin of the mighty Union League which soon after numbered its secret adherents by the millions.

A few words and signs, to enable Union men to tell each other at night as well as in the daytime, were agreed on. Then the old clergyman asked if they would unite with him in prayer. Every man, including strong Dick Bradley, knelt down in the cinders and ashes, and even the man working the bellows knelt, though he did not cease his efforts.

And as Father Peters prayed shots were heard up the hill. This was followed by cries of alarm, and with white faces the pickets came running in, shouting as they ran:

"Het Magoone! Het Magoone and the gang!"

The men extinguished the lights in the smithy, seized their rifles and rushed out. The beacon fires had died out along the hills, but to the south there could be seen a newer fire. It came from the direction of the clergyman's house. A few minutes of watching and all doubts were at rest, for the flames broke through the roof, and the humble home where Father Peters hoped to end his days was in flames.

CHAPTER III.



"We are quite ready for that," said the old clergyman.

With this sketch my reminiscences of the southern mountaineers will end, at least for the present, not because I have exhausted my material, but because I do not wish to test the patience of my readers, who have been kind enough to indorse the accuracy of my pictures and reports.

The gang under Het Magoone, who set fire to Father Peters' house and out-buildings, were more prudent than valorous, for while they well knew that they outnumbered three to one the Union men gathered at Bradley's Crossing, they did not care to risk a fight with the little force under the lead of the blacksmith.

During the years that strong Dick Bradley had "counted himself a Christian," and spoken in meeting of himself as "a brand snatched from the burning," and "the chief of sinners," because of his past, he found his sorest trials in his constant effort to subdue to the spirit the combative yearnings of the flesh. When, through the teaching of Mrs. Peters and Ella, he had learned to spell his way through a chapter in the Bible, he found his greatest delight in the records of Joshua's battles with the Canaanites, or the story that told how the shepherd boy, David, left his flocks on the hills to meet the champion of the Philistines, and subsequently rose by his skill and valor to be the king of a great nation. He liked to read of how Christ made a whip and drove the money changers from the temple far more than he did to ponder over the Sermon on the Mount.

"He would often say to me," said Miss Peters in telling the story of this remarkable man, "I reckon the Bible's all right Ella, and hit ain't fo' a pore, min's."

ble sinner like me to hanker to make any changes in hit. I'll allow hit couldn't be improved fo' them ez lives in cities whar thar's lots of churches and schools, and them things, and whar folks isn't bleaged to tote ahms, but thar's some parts of it that sticks in my craw and goes plum agin the grain of my natur'."

On being asked what parts these were, he said:

"Wall, thar's that one that sez: 'Whoever smites yo' on the right cheek turn the other, so's he kin get a whack at that.' Now, sense I've been a Christian."

A Thrilling Tale of the War.



"I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and looking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe."

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I've put up with right smart of smiter from a doggone lot of curs that took advantage of my bein kinder helpless, fo' that's jest what riligin does fo' a man in these mountains; but I don't think, ef I was to go to hell fo' hit, that I could bring myself to inviten a feller to smote me on the left cheek after he'd knocked me on the right. I draw the line at one cheek. Ef any feller tried it on two, I'd forgit my riligin and he'd have coz fo' to grieve.

"Then there's that p'int 'bout lovin one's enemies. I've allus thought ez how that must have slipped into the good book by mistake, for hit ain't nat'ral I'll allow Father Peters' mout do hit, fo' he's so chuck full of religin he ain't got no room fo' nothin else; but pore sinners like me must go on a-gettin a heap of solid comfort from not lovin thar enemies, but a-hatin 'em like blazes."

But after that night in the blacksmith's shop Strong Dick Bradley's views as to the nonresistance inculcated by religion underwent a radical change. He saw that when the hour for a brave resistance came Father Peters did not "fall back on prayer fo' his defense," but was willing to fight and ready to lead. That one act on the part of the old missionary did more to endear him to these rude mountaineers than the preaching and self denial of the ten years that preceded it.

The raiders who had come up from the Tennessee line under the lead of Het Magoone contented themselves with burning all the vacant cabins they could find, taking it for granted that they were the property of Union men. At Bradley's Crossing the number of refugees increased every day, principally mountaineers who had come up from Tennessee or from the lower border counties of Kentucky. These men were all armed with old fashioned hunting rifles, and they were not only willing to face south and fight, but they were eager for it, for each man had some personal wrong which he was more eager to avenge than he was to carry back the old flag to the hills.

All these men brought famished appetites, but no provisions.

A few days after Magoone's raid it became evident that in another week, if nothing were done, they would be called on to face a more relentless foe than the Confederates under Zollicoffer and Crittenden, and that was famine. While every man at the Crossing understood that if he had to fight it would be under the lead of Strong Dick Bradley, all, including the blacksmith, looked up to Father Peters as the man on whom they must depend for counsel, and as the Moses who was to lead the inevitable exodus from the mountains to that promised land where there were strong hands and keen bayonets to defend the old flag.

After carefully talking over the situation together, the preacher and the blacksmith assembled their friends in the smithy, and the former mounted the anvil block and, after the customary prayer, delivered himself after this manner:

"My friends, winter is on us. Our enemy, the rebels, swarm in the hills, and if the reports that come to us be true, and I believe that they are, a few more days will see us at the mercy of such minions of Zollicoffer as this Het Magoone. There are no doubt many honest and Christian, but mistaken, men in the secession army, but I do not think it would be prudent to assume that these are the kind of people who will be sent to Bradley's Crossing.

"Many of you have brought your wives and children here, and while this is natural I must believe it imprudent. If these had remained at home, or will return home now; or, if their homes are destroyed, will seek a haven among their friends in the mountains, the men will be freer to act. Brother Bradley and I have prayerfully talked over the situation, and we have come to the conclusion that every day we spend here is a day lost to the cause, while our little stock of provisions is being reduced.

We have therefore decided to start for Camp Dick Robinson tonight. Once there, those whose are able to bear arms can be regularly enrolled and mustered into the service of the Union, while if we fight here we are apt to be regarded as guerrillas and for the present, at least, the government will be powerless to protect us.

"While my mission among you has been one of peace, and I have passed the age when I might be of much use even if I were skilled in the ways of war, yet, with God's help, I can and I will fight if we are not permitted to reach the Union lines in peace.

"I will say to my good sisters and to the children who must remain behind, as their coming with us would hamper the march, that it will not be long before the troops of the Union swarm in these mountains as the Confederates do now, and that their coming will insure protection to all. We must move with secrecy and rapidity, for there are spies all about us. And now I ask those who are willing to follow the lead of Brother Bradley to Camp Dick Robinson to take their stand at the back part of the smithy."

It was as Father Peters expected; every man at the Crossing and every boy who could shoulder a rifle, and these mountaineers learn to shoot when very young, crowded to the back part of the building.

This meeting was held the day after Christmas, 1861, and about the middle of the afternoon. In order to keep their movements secret it was decided to start north soon after dark that night. As Father Peters was even more hated than the blacksmith, and his wife and daughter would have been homeless and helpless if left behind, an exception was made in their case, it being the old clergyman's intention to take them back to the old home in the western reserve of northern Ohio as soon as they reached the Union lines.

There was little preparation to make. Two of the blacksmith's horses were kept apart for Mrs. Peters and her daughter to ride on. The forty men in the party were to carry their rifles and ammunition, the former being somewhat heavy, first, because the supplies at the Crossing

were limited, and in the next place because it was believed that Camp Dick Robinson, seventy-five miles to the northwest, could be reached in five days.

In order to keep up the impression that there were still men at the Crossing ready to resist an attack, it was arranged that the women should light the beacons on the hills as soon as Dick Bradley gave the order to march. This was done so promptly that for hours the fugitives could see the coppery glow of the fires on the clouds to the south, and this strengthened the hope that there would be no pursuit.

Although at the best the roads in this region were wretched, and now almost impassable, it was to their advantage that the Cumberland river was at their back and no formidable stream in front.

"How we moved in the right direction that night must ever remain to me a mystery," says Miss Peters. "Before we had been on the way an hour we were all as wet as if we had been soused in a pond, and mother and I, being comparatively inactive, were chilled to the bone. I did not fear, because I did not care for myself. I would picture father walking ahead with that giant, Bradley, through the darkness and mire, and I could not but picture the one so powerful and fierce and the other so weak and mild, yet with a spirit as dauntless as the bravest."

"We had no means of telling the time, but though I tried to reason with myself that minutes must seem drawn into hours under such circumstances, yet I came to feel that the sun would never rise again. It was about two o'clock in the morning that we came to a halt, whether in a valley or on a hill, in a forest or a clearing, I could not tell. My father came back to us as cheery as ever, though I knew from my own condition how he must have felt. He told us that there was a vacant cabin at hand, and that Bradley thought it would be well to halt here till daylight.

"Mother and I were so cold and stiff when we were lifted from our horses that we would have fallen had not the men held us up."

"We were led into the cabin, and I supposed everything was so wet that it would be folly to think of a fire and impossible to start one; but in this I was mistaken. While mother and I sat on the saddles that had been carried in to furnish us with seats, Dick Bradley produced his flint and steel—every mountaineer carries these primitive appliances—and, tearing off some dry splinters and bark from the inner side of the logs, he soon had a blaze, and, following that, a fire. Except the four log walls and the roof, which must have been the better part, for it kept the clay floor dry, there was absolutely nothing to this cabin. The pile of ashes on the big hearth showed that the place had once been inhabited, but, miserable though I was, I did not wonder that the builders had abandoned such a wretched place."

Dick Bradley threw a circle of pickets around the cabin and, although he was entirely ignorant of military methods, he arranged to visit them every hour, gave them a countersign and detailed a relief. While this was being done, the men not on picket carried in logs to be used as fuel or for seats, and then sat down, and soon the cabin was filled with steam and the odor of toasting flannels. As soon as the saddle blankets were sufficiently dry, a bed was made for Mrs. Peters and her daughter.

"But," continued Miss Peters, "although thoroughly wearied, sleep was out of the question. The whistling of the wind through the surrounding trees, the ceaseless beating of the rain on the clapboards and the hoarse whispering of the men crouching beside the fire kept mother and myself awake, as the roar of a battle might not have done."

"When my father's watch told that daylight was due, the men about the fire began to eat of the cornbread and cooked pork they had brought with them, and Dick Bradley and father went out to visit the pickets. With the dawn of day the rain ceased and the wind died out. Mother and I left the cabin to look about us. We saw the horses standing with lowered heads and drooping hips at the chimney end of the cabin. We were in the midst of a forest, seemingly on the top of a considerable hill. Down through the trees and in a direction we took to be the north we saw the red rutted trail that looked like a fresh wound."

"While we stood looking about us, we saw father and Bradley coming hurriedly back and evidently much excited. Father did not appear to be weary, but there was an anxious, pained look in his eyes such as we had not noticed since the day the meeting house was burned."

The pickets had reported suspicious men seen in the distance since daylight. These men were gathering along the line of the trail over which the fugitives must pass on their way to the north. They were in considerable force, and that they were not friends was manifest from their actions.

The cabin might afford some shelter from a storm, but it was worse than useless as a place of defense. On a spur of the hill to the north and about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, Bradley had either discovered that morning or knew in advance of a place that offered advantages for defense. Without any excitement, he told the men in and about the cabin that there were strangers in sight, and that a fight might be looked for before they could resume their journey.

The men seized their rifles, the horses were readied and, as Mrs. Peters and her daughter preferred to walk, the animals were led to the point indicated. This was a bare projection of the hill, where a mass of irregular rocks afforded a place of concealment for a larger force than required it now, but as it was some distance from wood and water it was not a desirable place in which to stand a protracted siege.

The fugitives were not long in finding as to the character of the people who had around their camp. Bradley was disposing his men at such points where their rifles could bear down on the approach, when Ella Peters was looking down the ridge, and hit

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—Last evening the History Class had for its subject, "Peace and Era of Good Feeling."

—A delegation from here, with their pastor, attended the South Middlesex Conference at Concord, on Wednesday.

—The evening school is very successful thus far. If the knowledge gained equals the pleasure received, the scholars will be fortunate.

—Weather prophets say this will be the last week of good sleighing. Perhaps so, and perhaps with this old-fashioned winter we will have "six weeks of sleighing in March."

—Next Sunday morning the subject of Mr. Cooke's sermon will be "The Evolution of Morals." In the evening the lecture will be on "Jesus in Galilee," illustrated with the stereopticon. Collection at the door to meet expenses.

—The card for the Follen church for January states that Rev. E. L. Rexford, pastor of Roxbury Universalist church, will give a lecture in the church Tuesday evening, January 31st, which will be free. Subject, "The Successive Steps of Universalism."

—Our village was so full of measles and so few children were able to attend school, it was thought advisable to close the schools for this week. The teachers were requested to occupy the time in visiting the schools here and in other places.

—Some of our people who are relatives and friends attended, Wednesday evening, the wedding of Miss Amy Holbrook and Mr. John L. Ayer, at Winchester. Miss Holbrook resided here many years and was a graduate of our High school. She has the warmest congratulations of those who knew her in our village.

—This (Friday) evening the "Young Ladies' Lend-a-Hand Club" will hold a "library party" at Mrs. Cooke's. This club has invited the "Young Men's Lend-a-Hand Club" to join with them and they invite the other young people. All who take part must patronize some book. The one who makes the greatest number of correct guesses receives the prize; the least number, the booby prize.

—The great, good and gifted seem to have been taken from our midst in the twinkling of an eye, since the advent of this new year, and now all hearts are sorrowing over the death of Phillips Brooks, whose life was filled with noble activities. We felt that he was comparatively young, with many more years full of fruitful service still in store, but though dead he still lives in the hearts and memories of tens of thousands of people.

—Rev. G. W. Cooke preached last Sabbath on "Membership in a Free Church," and his lecture in the evening was on "Ought Women to Vote?" Mr. Cooke believes unhesitatingly in woman's suffrage. One reason is because of the large amount of property held by women, which is taxed without representation, and also that it will be an incentive for the higher education of woman and really raise the standard of the polls. The lecture was good and very convincing.

—Thursday afternoon, January 19th, at St. Bridget's church at the centre, at 3.30 o'clock, Miss Nora J. Barry was united in marriage with Bartlett J. Harrington. The church, which is very beautiful in every respect, was well filled with relatives and friends of the couple, when the bride, who looked lovely in a dress of pearl white Henrietta, en train, trimmed with pearl silk lace, and a long silk tulle veil, and the bridegroom in the conventional suit of black, with white gloves and necktie, attended by Miss Annie Barry, a sister of the bride (who was very pretty in her cream white cashmere and lace), and Mr. Peter Harrington, a brother of the groom, walked up the aisle and stood before the altar. Father Kavanaugh read the impressive marriage service, and then they knelt while the solemn nuptial rites were made more sacred with the ring. At their pretty home on Main street they received their relatives and intimate friends, and at 8 o'clock, in Village Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett J. Harrington held a large reception. Guests were present from Boston, Hyde Park, Somerville, Chelsea, Bedford, Cambridge and Lexington, including some of the members of the Catholic Lyceum Association of Lexington, the members of the Adams Hose and Chemical Engine Co., dressed in uniform, and also the East Lexington Brass Band, which surprised all present by its fine playing. It is comparatively in its infancy, having been started this fall, and yet it made Village Hall resound with its enlivening music and added much to the pleasure of the evening. Caterer Hardy furnished an excellent supper, and about one hundred and fifty did ample justice to the bill of fare. After all were well filled Mr. Black, in behalf of the firemen and some of the honorary members (after placing upon a table on the platform an elegant onyx clock), in a few well chosen words alluding to the respect which the company felt toward their brother firemen, and their warm congratulations for him and his fair bride, he presented them with this clock, which would mark the flight of time for them in the coming years. The bride took the key and set the lovely time-piece on its life journey. Foreman Black called upon several members and ex-members present to speak, and they responded in a few words of pleasantry. Chief Engineer

Nourse said his brother fireman (Mr. Harrington) had made a good fireman, a good citizen, and he knew he would make a good husband. Mr. Harrington responded and said there were times when one is struck dumb, and he felt so at that time; but he thanked them all most heartily for their kind remembrance and the East Lexington Band for the surprise which it had given him and the pleasure all had received from the gold music. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the impossibility of being able to get the tables removed the dancing had to be given up, and the company left with the heartiest good wishes for bride and bridegroom. Previous to this, three rousing cheers and a tiger were given for the happy couple who had provided such an elegant reception for their guests. They were the recipients of the following beautiful presents, and they desire us, in their behalf, to thank all for their great kindness: Five handsome pictures, beautifully framed, three large lamps, a chenille parlor table cover, table linen and towels, four handsome chairs and a couch, Turkish rug, a stove, toilet sets, cuspidors, exquisitely embroidered suspenders, two statues and two vases, hand-painted plates on easels, dining and tea set (142 pieces), silk handkerchiefs, jardiner, two cake baskets, china hand-painted oyster dish, cracker jar, water pitcher, glass dishes, silver salt shaker, three solid silver sugar tongs, pair of solid silver dessert spoons and six solid silver tea spoons, two butter knives, two silver napkin rings, half dozen silver knives, lemonade set, silver teapot, spoon holder and molasses pitcher, three butter dishes, china cake basket, and last, but not least, a check, which is always an acceptable present. Mr. Rufus Holbrook and Mr. Peter Gillooly had a loaf of bread made at Hardy's bakery which was six and one-half feet long. It was a nice present, for bread is surely the staff of life. They will keep it, for it is a great curiosity. We extend our warmest congratulations to the happy couple, and none know better than Mr. Harrington how to make the foundation of a home strong and sure, for he has made so many out of the solid rock. They will be happy to receive their friends at their home on Main street.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 29.
Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

TOPIC.—The day of small things. God's blessing upon it. (Christian Endeavor Day.) Zech. iv, 10; Job viii, 5-7.

No movement in modern times in church lines has so wonderfully illustrated that under God's blessing small things may become great as the Christian Endeavor movement. Organized in the winter of 1880-1 to meet the needs of an individual church, today it has spread itself all over the Christian world. In 1881 there were but two societies and a membership of sixty-eight. Today there are in Christendom over 31,000 societies, with a membership not less than 1,500,000. In the rebuilding of the temple by Zerubbabel we have another illustration of the same character (Zech. iv, 10), and in Job viii, 5-7, Bildad makes the statement that under God's blessing, "Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase." Note.

1. Man's attitude toward the day of small things (Zech. iv, 10). Zerubbabel was rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem. The beginning was very small in comparison to the great work that must be done. It was so small that the workers were discouraged. It was so small that both friend and enemy despised it as a day of small things. This is an illustration of man's usual attitude toward the day of small things. One usual tendency is to despise and to look upon with contempt and disgust whatever has a small and insignificant beginning. It is not until it has reached reached gigantic proportions and yields untold influence that a new movement gains our admiration and unqualified applause. Lot thought Zoar of no consequence, because it was a little city. Elijah thought God's cause was of no influence in the reign of Jezebel, because it was not supported by large numbers of open advocates. The people despised the temple because the beginning was so unpretentious. Christ's kingdom was doubtless ridiculed in its early history because it was the day of small things with it. Such is man's at-

titude toward trifles; but it is a false one, for, as Michael Angelo, the sculptor, says, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Everything must have a beginning, and, no matter how insignificant that beginning, under God's blessing the end may be great.

2. "God's attitude toward the day of small things" (Zech. iv, 10). God never despises small beginnings. He blesses them, and they become great. The temple was completed because he was in the work and it was his work. In God's work the day of small things is not to be despised. He is all powerful, and what may seem impossible to man is possible to God. Though the instruments may be weak and insignificant, yet under God's blessing great results may be achieved. The mountain of difficulty becomes as a level plain. The small stone cut out of the mountain without hands increases until it fills the whole earth. The grain of mustard seed becomes a great tree. The loaves and fishes multiply until thousands are fed. Despise not the day of small things. Perform earnestly and faithfully all duties, small and great, and leave results with God.

Bible References.—Ps. xxxvii, 16; Prov. ix, 16; Isa. xl, 1-6; Mic. v, 2; Math. ii, 6; v, 19; x, 39-42; Mark iv, 30-32; xii, 41-44; Luke xii, 33; xiii, 18, 19; xvi, 10; I Cor. v, 6; I Tim. vi, 8-8.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

Illinois stands third in the list in point of number of societies, the total exceeding 1,500. The Presbyterians have 390 societies and 17,550 members, and the Congregationalists have 800 societies and 13,500 members. In point of members other denominations stand in this order: Christian, Baptist, Methodist, Cumberland Presbyterian, English Lutheran, United Brethren, Friends, Methodist Protestant and Union. The total membership of the state is 67,500.

No obstacle can stand before the cross of Jesus Christ. No life laid at the altar of missions is ever thrown away. The opportunity for missionary work is within the reach of all.

TWO ANOINTED ONES.

LESSON V, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 29.

Text of the Lesson, Zech. iv, 1-10.—Memory Verses, 5-7.—Golden Text, Zech. iv, 6.—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "And the angel that talked with me came again and waked me, as a man that is wakened out of his sleep." The mortal body can stand but little of joy or sorrow without refreshing sleep. Even on the mount of transfiguration and in the garden of Gethsemane, the most joyful and the most sorrowful events of Scripture, we see holy men asleep. As to an angel's touch see I Kings xix, 5, 7; Acts xii, 7; Dan. x, 10, and remember that they minister unto you if you are an heir of salvation (Heb. i, 14). A spiritual sleep or inability to grasp or even become interested very much in the things of God is greatly to be deplored, but is very common even among Christians. Cares and riches and pleasures of this life choke the word (Luke viii, 14). Following men instead of THE MAN, or depending upon ordinances instead of upon HIM, tend to spiritual sleep (I Cor. xiii, 1; xi, 30). But see Rom. xiii, 11; Eph. v, 14, and let us ask God by His Spirit to awaken us at any cost.

2. "And said unto me, What seest thou? And I said, I have looked, and behold, a candlestick all of gold." The prophet would think of the golden candlestick of the tabernacle and those of the temple. They gave light in the holy place and were daily trimmed and replenished with oil. Israel had been chosen and brought out of Egypt to be a light for God among the nations. Their sin and captivity had obscured the light, which was God, in their midst. The prophet is now being taught that God will yet make Israel a light notwithstanding her present desolate condition. Not only shall she be cleansed and clothed as in the previous vision, but it shall be said to her, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory" (Isa. lx, 1, 19, 20).

3. "And two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl and the other upon the left side thereof." By reading verse 12 with verses 2 and 3 it would seem that the prophet saw a lampstand bearing seven lamps; a great central bowl having either one or seven pipes leading to each lamp; then on either side an olive tree, with a golden pipe from each tree to the central bowl—in other words, a self-supplying lampstand apart from any help of man.

4. "So I answered and spake to the angel that talked with me, saying, What are these, my Lord?" This question is repeated in verses 11 and 12 and answered in verse 14, and as those verses are not included in the lesson this is the place to consider them. As without the oil there could be no light and without the trees no oil, we see the importance of this question and answer. What then is meant by the two anointed ones? The only classes of people anointed in Scripture are priests and kings (a prophet once). Jesus is the great Priest-King. He was typified in these offices by Aaron and Moses, but at the time of the lesson by Joshua of the previous chapter and Zerubbabel of this chapter. If you would be a light in this world for Him, you must know Him not only as your priest, having put away your sins and living to make intercession for you, but also as your personal king or lord or proprietor, you being ready to do whatever He may appoint.

5. "Then the angel that talked with me answered and said unto me, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my Lord." See also verse 13. Confession of ignorance, combined with willingness to be taught, is a good attitude of soul, and where this is found God will send a teacher—an angel if need be—to show us that which is noted in the Scripture of Truth (Dan. x, 21). See the story of Cornelius and Peter and the angel in Acts x.

6. "This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Not the wisdom nor the might of man but only the Spirit of God can accomplish any work for God. We are not to glory in wisdom or riches or might, but only in the Lord (Jer. ix, 23, 24). Jesus said, "Without Me ye can do nothing" (John xv, 5). And even the men who had been nearest to Him had to wait for the descent of the Spirit, that they might be endued with power for service (Luke xxiv, 49; Acts i, 8).

7. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." A mountain may represent any great difficulty and is sometimes used to represent a kingdom (Jer. ii, 24, 25). The kingdom of Satan shall yet be thrown down. All the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ (Rev. xi, 15). The true Zerubbabel (dispenser of confusion) shall yet be manifest in Jesus of Nazareth as head of the church, Messiah of Israel, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and from beginning to end the work shall be seen to be all of grace.

8. "Moreover, the Word of the Lord came unto me, saying, 'While all else may pass away the Word of our God shall stand forever, and he that doeth the will of God abideth forever' (Isa. xl, 8; I John ii, 17). 'Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven' (Ps. cxix, 89).

9. "The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it." This was literally true of that building. See Ex. vi, 14. It shall be true of Jesus and all that the Father has given Him to do. He finished the work of atonement (John xvii, 4). He will finish the building of His body, the church; He will put away the iniquity of Israel and bring in everlasting righteousness for her, and He will fill the whole earth with His glory. He will subdue all things unto Himself and give back to the Father a perfect earth without sin or stain (Eph. i, 22, 23; Dan. ix, 24; Isa. xl, 5; I Cor. xv, 28). For your own personal comfort eat II Tim. i, 12; Phil. i, 6.

10. "For who hath despised the day of small things?" It is not the seen but the unseen that moves the believer, who, like Moses, endures as seeing Him who is invisible (Heb. xi, 27; II Cor. iv, 17, 18). He, by the grace of God, is able to say with Aas, "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power" (II Chron. xii, 11), and with Jonathan, "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few" (I Sam. xiv, 6). The Lord chooses the weak things of the world, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, for He will have no flesh to glory in His presence (I Cor. i, 27, 28).

Then see the comfort in the last clause of this verse: "For the Lord is with you, and ye shall be a people, and shall be called the name of the Lord." And being in the Lord and in the power of His might (Eph. vi, 10). Be assured that work, for the Lord is with you (Eph. i, 4).

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LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.25, 5.55, 6.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.25, 7.25, 8.10, 9.46, a. m.; 12.36, 3.21, 4.17, 6.00, p. m.; Sunday, 8.53, a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

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LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.10, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.05, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.20, 6.14, 6.59, 7.27, 7.52, 8.16, 8.39, 9.00, 9.45, 10.17, 11.21, a. m.; 12.15, 12.35, 1.11, 2.41, 4.15, 3.33, 4.18, 4.51, 5.33, 6.01, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 9.20, 10.25, p. m.; Sunday, 8.42, 9.34, a. m.; 1.00, 2.26, 3.18, 5.13, 8.31.

LEAVE Arlington FOR Lowell at 7.06, 10.22, a. m.; 4.04, 6.16, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7.20, 10.34, a. m.; 4.20, 6.24, p. m.

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Sunday—First car 8.17, 30 minutes to 9.47, 10.07, 10.17, 30 minutes to 11.47, a. m., 15 minutes to 9.47, 10.17, p. m., last car. Return 50 min. later.

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"PEE-WEE."
When the morning long was filled with song
That burst from every tree,
I heard a foolish little bird
That only sang "Pee-wee!"
And I spoke out clear, so the bird could hear.
"It really seems to me
If I couldn't sing a different song
Than just 'Pee-wee! Pee-wee!'"
"I'd hide away from the songsters gay
In the thickest greenwood tree,
And I wouldn't sing the foolish thing
To show my low degree."
But the little bird, when he had heard
My wise speech, looked at me
With his bright eyes wide and his head
one side.
And said again, "Pee-wee!"
And I understood the lesson good
The little bird had for me.
God gives one song, and we should sing.
If it only be "Pee-wee!"
—Albert Annett in Youth's Companion.

A CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

"But, sir," said the orderly in respectful remembrance, "you are annihilated."
"Annihilated!" echoed the captain in indignation.
"Yes, sir; the umpire sent word as you and all your company was swept away by the last discharge of the militia."
"By the militia, too?" exclaimed the captain. "Well, I'm d—d. Here, give me my flask and sandwiches and take the horse."
The captain sat watching the fight as it rolled over to the opposite hill and consuming his sandwiches. He was of course annoyed at being annihilated, but after all he was saved some marching in the sun, and the day was hot. He wondered where he should be likely to find his wife, who had expressed her intention of trying to see something of the maneuvers. By the time, however, that he had finished his lunch and lit his cigar he decided that he did not much want to find his wife, and he lay back and smoked in luxurious ease.
"Talk about meeting death with resignation!" mused he; "why, it's splendid. I'm sorry it was the militia, though. I suppose our charge was rather rash—a Balaklava sort of thing."
He nodded off, and his cigar fell from his lips. Hardly had this happened when he was roused by a sweet voice. Opening his eyes, he saw before him a lovely girl.
"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but could you tell me where to find mamma?"
The captain looked at the lady. "I am dead," he said; "dead men can't find mamma."
"You don't look very dead," she answered, smiling.
"An Englishman never knows when he is dead," said the captain in hazy reminiscence; "but I have it on the authority of the umpire, if that will do."
"I left mamma just about here," remarked the lady.
"Then she's undoubtedly annihilated also. Nothing bigger than a mouse could have lived through that fire."
"Mamma is much larger than a mouse," said the lady, smiling.
"Won't you sit down?" asked the captain.
The lady, smiling again, sat down. She wore a simple dress of white, and the blue ribbon round her waist was rivalled by the blue of her eyes.
"I mustn't stay long," she said.
"At a moment like this," remarked the captain, "a man's memory wanders free through the delightful labyrinths of youth and love."
"Love! Are you married?"
"I was married," answered the captain.
"And you were thinking of your wife?"
"While his fancy," pursued the captain, "pictures joys yet in the future—perhaps the near future."
The lady was picking a daisy to pieces. She raised her eyes for a moment and looked at the captain.
"But if you are dead"—she suggested.
"Now you," the captain continued, raising himself on his elbow, "are too young even to have thought of a kiss!"
"I have certainly never thought much of a kiss," said the lady.
"The thought does not fill you with delicious trepidation?"
"Oh, no."
"I thought not," said the captain in a gratified tone. "It does me, you know."
"Ah!" said the lady.
"You can't know what it's like."
"I've often kissed mamma."
"It's not quite the same thing; still, show me how you kiss mamma."
"Well, supposing my hand was mamma, I should go like that."
"I see. And what would mamma do?"
"Oh, I can't show you that. My hand can't kiss me, you know."
"But supposing I were your hand?"
"That's nonsense, isn't it? I couldn't suppose that."
"Well, then, supposing I were mamma?"
"But you're not a bit like mamma."
"I have it. Suppose you were mamma, and I were you?"
"That would do capitally; but we need not trouble. I see mamma coming now."
She pointed, and at the foot of the hill the captain also saw mamma.
"Has she good sight?" asked the captain.
"No, she is nearsighted. I'm afraid she'll not see us."
"Ah!" said the captain, and he kissed the lady. With a little cry and a little laugh she sprang up and ran down the hill.
The captain closed his eyes, but in a moment a well known voice made him open them again. His wife stood before

him. She was looking very handsome, the captain thought. By her side stood young Jocelyn—Beauty Jocelyn, as they called him—the last joined cornet. The captain's wife and Beauty Jocelyn stood just in front of the captain, some six feet from him.
"I don't see why not," said the captain's wife to Beauty Jocelyn, and to the captain's horror Beauty Jocelyn kissed his wife.
"Another?" asked Beauty Jocelyn.
"I should like it," said the captain's wife.
"This is a hideous nightmare," thought the captain.
"Just one more!" pleaded Beauty Jocelyn.
"Well, if you"—began the captain's wife.
But the captain leaped to his feet. "The devil!" he cried.
"Oh, you are awake now, dear, are you?" said his wife. "How imprudent to sleep in the sun! I met Mr. Jocelyn and he kindly helped me to find you."
"I was delighted," murmured Beauty Jocelyn.
"Delighted, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the captain. "You dare to kiss my wife before my very eyes! And she—she permits it!" and the captain groaned.
"My dear captain, I kiss your wife," expostulated Beauty Jocelyn with raised eyebrows.
"Charles! How dare you?" said the captain's wife.
"You deny it? You have the audacity to deny it? Just now, this very moment you kissed her twice."
"You must have been dreaming, Charles."
"At first I thought I was," said the captain bitterly; "but I am awake now."
"Ah, but you were dreaming!" insisted his wife, and her eyes wandered from his face and looked down the hill side.
Near the foot of the hill, side by side with a stout woman in black, the captain saw a white muslin dress and a blue sash. The eyes of the captain's wife rested an instant on the white and blue, then they traveled back and dwelt upon the captain's face.
"You were certainly dreaming," said the captain's wife, and Beauty Jocelyn smiled.
A pause followed. The captain thought he heard a light laugh wafted by the breeze from the foot of the hill. He looked again at his wife. His wife smiled.
"I must have been dreaming," said the captain.
Beauty Jocelyn laughed.
"But are you awake now?" asked his wife.
"Well, you woke me," said the captain.
"I thought we should," said his wife. "Shall we go home now, Charles?"
"Perhaps we had better."
"You don't want to sleep any more?"
"No; I think, on the whole, I have slept enough."
"On the whole, perhaps you have."
His wife took the captain's arm and bowed to Beauty Jocelyn.
"Au revoir!" said Beauty Jocelyn, and when the captain saw him last he was tacking warily down the hill in the wake of the white and blue.
"I think Mr. Jocelyn likes dreams too," said the captain's wife.—True Flag.

Some Interesting Relics.
What appears to be the most interesting archaeological discovery since the settlement of western New York by the whites was made recently near the city line. Workmen who were engaged in laying out a new street turned up a quantity of human bones and copper instruments, which so excellent an authority as W. C. Bryant believes to be relics of the Kah Kwaha, the little known tribe of peaceful Indians who occupied this region before the days when the Senecas came to keep the western door of the Long House.
The early and complete extinction of this nation by the more warlike and better organized Iroquois left little more than a legend of them to inspire the poetical fancy of the lamented David Gray, and to furnish a name for a cottage on the lake shore. If further investigation shall tend to confirm Mr. Bryant's apparently well founded conjectures, the relics discovered will add distinctly to our knowledge of the people whose fires burned here long before ours were kindled.
This was an ancient burying ground for a race of giants, judging from the size of the bones found in the loamy soil of the hill. They show the men to have been very large.—Buffalo Courier.

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THE WILD CAREER OF A BOGUS CHICAGO HAM.
Some small boys fastened a wire to one of those wooden hams which are used for advertising purposes, and to the other end of the wire attached a lot of fish hooks, then dropped the fish hooks into the Madison street cable slot at Madison street, near Halsted. The hooks quickly took hold of the running cable, and away sped the ham toward the setting sun.
At Green street it struck and tossed into the mud handsomely dressed Jim De Meyer, the wine connoisseur. At Leomin street it struck an Italian's hand cart laden with fresh roasted peanuts and popcorn and scattered the load over the road. The ham journeyed right on, leaving the son of Italy and the street newsboys to fight over the peanuts and popcorn. A bicycle rider was upset at Lincoln street and slightly injured by colliding with the flying imitation pork. As the frayed edged ham danced along near Western avenue it caught the eye of a nearsighted saloon keeper.
"What a nice addition," muttered he, "to my free lunch counter." He grabbed a board, threw himself into position like a grand stand ball player as he comes to bat, and as the ham approached him he swiped it about amidship, broke the wire and acquired the ham. The loafers who, clad in their best clothes, stood lazily smoking cigars on the sidewalk, gently led the ham grabbing saloon keeper into his saloon near by.—Chicago Tribune

A Georgia Theory as to the Weather.
"Do you know where the comet has gone?" asked one of our citizens. "Well," he continued, "I'll tell you that, in my opinion, it hasn't gone anywhere. I think it is here—all about us. We are daily breathing comet, sneezing comet and feeling comet. We can't see it and probably don't smell it, but when the astronomers lost it I think it was because we ran into it or it over us before we knew it. This cold and unsettled weather throughout the world must be due to the presence in our path of a vapor that absorbs or intercepts the heat of the sun. You know some of the savants of the skies said the comet was only a vapor spread throughout a mighty area of space, luminous by absorption or reflection at a great distance from us, but invisible if about us, and contained not enough solid matter to make a handful. I believe we are taking a prolonged comet bath—and I don't like it."—Atlanta Constitution.

James Samuels' Strange Story.
James Samuels, of Dubuque, a sergeant in the Twenty-first Iowa, was one of the seventy-five Americans who went to Cuba twenty years ago on the steamer Virginus and were shot by the Spaniards at Santiago. His name appeared in the list of the dead, and his family mourned him as such. They have just received a letter from him written at the Soldiers' home, Covington, Ind. He states that he was shot through the head and left for dead. Chance friends nursed him back to health, but the shot destroyed his memory, and the past was a blank. By some means unknown to him he recently reached Chicago, where he was recognized by an army comrade, who brought him to Covington, where his memory was restored.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Skating Challenge.
W. J. Weeks, a spry young man of seventy-two summers, of Yaphank, Long Island, challenges any person in the world, "regardless of age," to a match at skate racing. He has had a challenge for long distance speed skating, open to "any lad of seventy," for \$1,000 a side, standing for two years, with no takers. He proposes that the match shall consist of writing words and sentences comprising not less than a hundred letters, to be given out by the judges at the time of the contest, and to be judged by three experts in penmanship. English writers, Mr. Weeks says, assert that the feat of writing letters on the ice by skating is impossible, but he is ready to demonstrate their error.

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15 Feb 11

Lengthening of Tree Trunks.
In reply to the query whether branches which are now too low for convenience will get higher in time when the trunk of the tree lengthens, Meehan, in his Illustrated Monthly, says:
It is a general impression that the trunks of trees lengthen, but this is not the case. The trunk of a tree, being once formed, does not lengthen a fraction, no matter if it lives to 100 years. A branch from a trunk that is now, say six feet from the ground will have the center of that branch still six feet from the ground, no matter how many years elapse. If branches are therefore too low, they had better be cut off at once. Again, it is worth remembering in cutting off branches that they should always be cut close to the trunk or to any main branch, so that the wound may heal over. If the branch is very large, so that the wound is likely to take several years to heal over, it is better to paint it, in order to keep the water from rotting the wood until it is properly healed. More good trees are spoiled through leaving an inch or two of stump to a cut off branch than people have any idea of.

By a Poppy's Smell.
In Turkey if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field and the wind blows from the field toward him he becomes narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.—New York Press

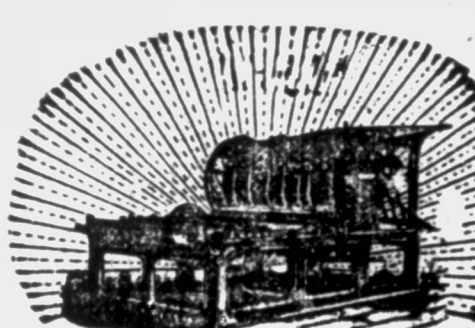
Parts of Louisiana are adapted to the culture of oranges, and considerable planting has already taken place. Orange culture has also acquired a foothold in Arizona, especially in the Salt river valley and in the valley of the Gila, according to the California Fruit Grower.

Queer Actions of a Bride.
Andrew Parker and Mary Seidler, of Braddock, were to have been married at noon at St. Michael's Catholic church. The building was filled with friends and relatives, and the Rev. Raymond Weider stood at the altar with the contracting parties and their attendants ready to begin the ceremony.
Suddenly the assemblage was startled to see the bride step backward and refuse to take part in the ceremony, and while they were yet wondering the to be bride, without offering any explanation, turned and made her way alone to the basement of the church, where she took off her wedding gown and veil and attired herself in a street costume she had provided. As she came out of the basement smiling, it appeared triumphantly, and made her way down the steps to the street she was followed by Parker. He stopped her and informed her that he had paid \$1.50 for a marriage license, and now that he was not to get the benefit of the license he proposed to have the \$1.50.
With a low courtesy Miss Seidler pulled out her purse and handed him a five dollar gold piece and told him to take his \$1.50 out of it. Parker put the gold piece in his pocket. Miss Seidler persisted in her demand for \$3.50 change, and people began to gather around. Parker, losing control of himself, struck the young woman in the face and on the breast several times, and then hastily made his way through the crowd and disappeared.
It is supposed by many that Miss Seidler did as she did for the express purpose of mortifying Parker. The pair first met about fifteen months ago, and have been engaged for about four months.—McKeesport Times.

Overwhelmed by an Avalanche.
The recent snowslide on the Pacific extension of the Great Northern occurred between Java and Essex, switching points about half way down the west side of the mountains. Trees, rocks and snow swept down the mountain like an Alpine avalanche, striking a snow plow train and hurling it from the track. The engine and tender were carried fifty feet down the embankment and the rest of the train buried out of sight. A. L. Marden, a brakeman; Young, a line repairer, and two others, names unknown, were killed. Several more were injured. Debris was piled on the track to a height of fifty feet in some places.—Cor. Helena Independent.

Punishment to Fit.
Frenchmen must regard their celebrated liquors as something almost sacred. Two men, named Duchesnin and Dumont, were convicted the other day of having fired the factory of the Benedictine liquor at Fecamp, which was destroyed a year ago, and the sentence on each of them was penal servitude for life. I doubt if it would have run to that for an abbey without a liquor factory attached. They want a "legal pillory" in France.—London Truth.

Cold Neglect of an Artist.
The Times' notice of Baroness Blane and her play on the morning following the exhibition was a clever bit of cold and heartless satire. The play, the place and some of the players were mentioned, but not a word was said about the baroness. Her name was not mentioned. It was as if one should be transfixed by the icy javelin of silent contempt.—New York Letter.

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NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.
FITCHBURG Lv. Boston via Fitchburg West Shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago

His Hand Froze to a Limb and Saved Him.
James Matthews and Dr. John Williams are the heroes of a remarkable adventure from which they barely escaped with their lives. They set out to cross Wolf river in an old bateau at a point where the stream is half a mile wide, and when about sixty yards from the bank, where the water was very deep, with a swift current, their boat sank and both were left struggling in the icy torrent. Matthews managed to reach a tree and pulled himself up to a seat on a stout limb. Dr. Williams was swept past this refuge, and could do no better than clutch the pendent branch of another tree. He was too much benumbed to reach the trunk, and was afraid to let go, so there he staid half submerged in freezing water, while his companion shivered on a limb near at hand, but unable to render him any assistance.

There they remained for several hours, when at length their cries were heard and a rescue undertaken. It was necessary first, however, to build a boat, and this took six hours more, and it was not until they had passed nearly ten hours in their perilous situation that they were finally taken off. Dr. Williams' hand had frozen to the limb he grasped, and it was necessary to bring the limb away with him. But for freezing to it he would have been swept away and drowned.—Memphis Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Painting the World's Fair Buildings.

Director of Decorations Millet is following after Leonardo's footsteps. While engaged in devising schemes of loveliness for the adornment of the buildings in Jackson park, Mr. Millet has become an inventor. "We made an estimate," said Mr. Millet, "of the time it would take to color those buildings with a brush. We found it would be impossible to do it that way. There are acres of ceilings to be painted, so we turned the machine on them."

The machine which Mr. Millet's modesty prevents him from avowing as his own device is a gaspise a foot long, flat at one end, so as to leave an opening an inch across and wide enough to insert a sheet of cardboard. This pipe is attached to a long piece of rubber hose. The other end of the hose is dipped in a barrel of paint. An electric motor does the rest. The painting of the World's fair buildings now proceeds apace.—Chicago Herald.

A Cold Weather Scheme.

On one of the busy down town streets there is a dealer in secondhand books whose stalls, outside of his door, are surrounded by a half dozen or more men at nearly all hours of the day looking for readable matter. When the cold weather began this shrewd dealer saw that his trade at the outside stalls was rapidly falling off. The next day in passing his place it was noticed that the stalls were not outside as usual, but in the window was a great placard reading: "Come inside, boys. It is too cold to stand out there and examine books. We have them all nicely warmed for you to handle." The scheme is working like a charm, and all the other secondhand book dealers on that thoroughfare wonder why they did not hit upon the idea first.—New York Times.

Death of a Johnstown Hero.

Romeo, the big dog which made almost a national reputation in connection with the flood at Johnstown, is dead at the age of 13 years. The animal was noticed extensively by the newspapers for his work as a rescuer in the disaster, particularly for saving the life of Mrs. Kross, the wife of his master. She was washed off a roof on which members of the family were afloat, and would certainly have drowned had not the dog swam to her aid, and, seizing her skirt in his teeth, regained the raft after a desperate struggle. Although he has been blind and deaf for some time, he has been cared for as tenderly as if he were human.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Died in Accordance with His Wish.

On the Friday before his death General Butler sent for a business friend, and in the course of the conversation the sudden death of a mutual friend, the late Vice President Du Barry, of the Pennsylvania road, was mentioned. Mr. Du Barry had finished his day's work and then died. General Butler said to his friend:

And that is the way I wish to die when my time comes. I am in no haste to leave this world. I shall be well content to stay here some years longer, but when my time shall come that is the way I wish to go. I want to do my day's work and die.—Hartford Courant.

An English Juror Fined.

The severity of British justice was well illustrated at Northampton the other day, where a trial for murder was in progress. The jury having been permitted to partake of a lunch in their room, one of their number took this opportunity to step out and post a letter. The judge, hearing of this, promptly gave the offending juror a strong lecture and fined him \$250. He dismissed the jury, and a new one was impaneled.—London Letter.

An Incident in the House.

The house met in continuation of yesterday's session. When the speaker's gavel fell to call the body to order a number of members who were ignorant of the fact that the house had merely been in recess reverently rose to listen to the chaplain's prayer, and then sat down amid the laughter of their better informed colleagues.—Washington Letter.

The mansion near the Schuylkill falls, once occupied by Governor Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, and a landmark of colonial days, has just been sold and is about to be demolished. Governor Mifflin was born in Philadelphia in 1744.

During the recent lord mayor's show in London the foul air of the crowded streets was noticeable. To such an extent slightly above the level of the pavement the impurity of the air was distinctly perceptible.

The Baby Played Its Part Well.

The hit of the evening at Herrmann's was the baby. Marion Manola and Jack Mason produced "Caste," and it was not until the third and last act of the play that anything interesting occurred. The first two acts were stupid, and there was absolutely nothing to interest the house. Mason was stiff and anxious, and Marion Manola was too fearful and cried all over the stage. The curtain went up on the great third act and revealed a prop baby and the usual accompaniments.

The widow talked love to the prop baby, and half a dozen characters made enough noise to awaken a Brooklyn policeman, yet the baby slept on all unconscious. Finally they took the baby off, and when it came on again it was a genuine baby, flesh and blood. It was a humorous baby for its age, for the programme said that but a year had elapsed while the orchestra was playing popular tunes. The baby must have grown rather rapidly, and it was too large for the crib from which it had apparently been taken but a few moments before.

The baby was letter perfect in his lines. It looked as if he was waiting for his cue and wagged his head at its papa. Mr. Mason, the returned dead warrior. Finally after he had handled it as if it were a pat of butter, its papa asked somebody to take it away, and then he went over and began to weep—why, nobody knew. No father need be ashamed of such a rapidly growing baby as that was, even on the stage.—New York Evening Sun.

Odd Death of a Bell Ringer.

A young man named George Vaughan, one of the ringers at the parish church at Presteign, Radnorshire, lost his life on Monday under unusual circumstances. The church bells had been left after ringing for evening service on the previous day, in a position known as "set," and Vaughan went to the belfry about 2 o'clock in the afternoon to correct some small fault with the gear. He was not seen during the remainder of the day, but when some of the ringers went to the belfry in the evening they found Vaughan dead. His body was astride a beam among the bells.

It is supposed that in the course of his work he dislodged one of the bells, causing it to swing over, and that to save himself he had clutched the wheel of another and caused that to fall also. One of them had evidently struck him on the head, killing him instantly. Several persons recall noticing the sudden striking of one or two of the bells about 3 o'clock.—London Standard.

President Eliot's Salute.

The college boys who took part in the commencement dances at "The Pageant of the Year" are laughing at their unsuccessful attempt to salute President Eliot during the performance. They knew the seat which Harvard's president was to occupy, and so they arranged among themselves to give a salute to him as they skipped out in their inimitable exit. The dance was completed in due form, and they pranced out amid applause. When they reached the proper spot all saluted and disappeared behind the scenes, proud over the compliment which they had paid President Eliot. Judge their dismay when they learned that he was not in his seat then, and that he did not come in until several dances later! But no doubt the person who was saluted thought it very nice.—Boston Transcript.

Spellbound.

The eighty-five teachers in the public schools of Lockport had a spelling contest the other day, to the great delight of their pupils, because some of the teachers did not altogether cover themselves with glory. Of the eighty-five only five spelled "Rensselaer" correctly, and 74 per cent. of the whole number misspelled "acknowledgment." All of the following words were wrongly spelled by more than half of the teachers, and several of them by more than fifty: "Supersede," "resuscitative," "excellence," "benefited," "business," "medal," "maintenance," "milliner," "pretensions," "gaseous" and "concede." The name "Genevieve" is said to have caught a good many victims.—Boston Journal.

An Important Question.

On the night of the big Twenty-third street fire Dr. Buddington, anxious to get home and not knowing any reason why he should not do so, pushed his way through the crowd. A policeman ordered him back, and on his failing at once to obey knocked him down. Dr. Buddington, under the influence of the stinging blows, struck the policeman and was at once handcuffed and taken to the station house. The question which suggests itself is, How long must an orderly and law abiding citizen stand being clubbed by a policeman before he has a right to defend himself?—New York Herald.

Active Retirement.

It is said that Emile Zola has gone into retirement to finish his new novel, "Doctor Pascal." How many persons would be wishful that this distinguished Frenchman would stay in retirement right along, if he were not so perniciously active when in that situation. Under the circumstances the world would not be a whit the worse off if Zola never went into retirement at all.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Noble Endowment.

By the death of Mrs. John C. Gammon, of Batavia, Ill., the Gammon School of Theology, a Methodist seminary for negro students at Atlanta, comes into possession of \$750,000. Mr. Gammon founded the school some years ago with a gift of \$350,000, and the last will makes it one of the best endowed institutions in the south.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

An Abundance of Fingers and Toes.

There was born on New Year's morning to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Norton, of Wyandotte county, Kan., a baby. Each hand of this baby is provided with six fingers and each foot has six toes. All the fingers and toes are fully developed and perfect, so that it is impossible to tell which are the extra fingers and toes.—Kansas City Letter.

Seashore, Forest, and Mountain

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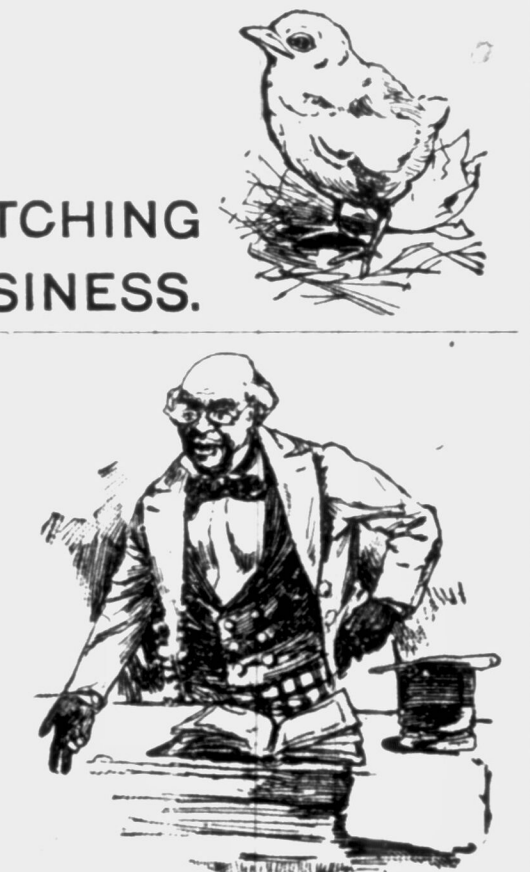
Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application: it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original sample as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.



"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and hung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost \$200, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year. "A Yard of Paradise," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashions are perfect, and we give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$3.00, and you will get over \$10 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 West 4th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send for a specimen copy.



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Republican Reorganization.

There has been some talk since the result of the late presidential election became known concerning the necessity for a reorganization of the Republican party. Just what is meant by reorganization is not clear. If it is only proposed that changes shall be made in the method of conducting political campaigns in order to secure a better canvass and more accurate information as to the political affiliations or preferences of electors; to bring those who are temporarily charged with the management of the campaign and the party leaders into touch with the masses, and to provide a more effective means for reaching the individual voter, no one will question the necessity. If, again, by the reorganization of the Republican party is meant the abandonment of those principles of the party which are supposed to have met with popular disapproval, such a reorganization is impossible. It would involve a final dissolution of the party.

Any party which can adopt new principles to meet every chance emergency, and which has no higher aim than public plunder, is not worthy to receive, and cannot hope long to retain, the support of that portion of the country without which no party can succeed. It has been gravely suggested that the Republican party should seek success by an abandonment or a modification of its position upon the tariff, by the adoption of some modified financial proposition which would satisfy a supposed popular demand, or by a formal declaration against federal control of federal elections. The Republican party must look for success in the triumph of its principles, and not by trimming its sails to catch every popular breeze.—Senator Dolph in North American Review.

Smelt Fishermen's Luck.

There was quite a panic among the smelt fishermen of Stroudwater the other evening. On the ice below the tide mill are about twenty of the little wooden box houses used by the fishermen. On one of the coldest evenings the fishermen were snugly ensconced in their little houses, with warm fires, pipes lit, and lines hanging down through holes in the ice for the benefit of the smelts.

It had been so cold that the water next the tide mill had frozen solid, so that when the miller hoisted his gate the water, instead of taking its accustomed channel, ran out on top of the ice to a depth of about six inches. The flood was upon the fishermen before they were aware of its cause. At once there was a panic. They left their warm houses and rushed headlong for the bank. Soon one of them, a genius, hitched a rope to his house and dragged it ashore. In a few minutes all had adopted the plan, and in a twinkling the smelt village had vanished. When the water subsided they returned.—Portland (Me.) Press.

To Breed Kangaroos in America.

Henry G. Adams, of Sydney, Australia, is here. From Montreal he goes to Topeka, Kan., and from that point he will reconnoiter the southwestern prairies with a view of purchasing large ranches for rearing an animal never seen outside of a cage on this continent—the kangaroo.

"The kangaroo is to take the place of the almost extinct buffalo," said Mr. Adams today. "I am confident," he continued, "that they will thrive in the same latitude as that in which the American bison multiplied to such enormous herds. I am told that the climate is similar to that of New South Wales, but I shall soon know the truth for myself. I will spend the winter in the southwest, and before the end of next summer I expect to make my first importation of kangaroos."—Montreal Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Strange Story.

Bloomdale has been the scene of a very strange occurrence. Daniel Mope, living at that place, was thirteen months old when his mother died, which occurred about seven years ago. Her body was interred in a cemetery near there. Last September his father died and was also buried in the same cemetery. A few weeks ago the grandparents of the child had his mother taken up to remove her to the same lot with her husband in the cemetery. On opening the casket their eyes witnessed the same features as well preserved as when placed in the grave. The news was at once sent to the grandmother, where the boy resided. She took the little one to the cemetery, where he saw his mother for the first time in his recollection.—Cor. Boston Journal.

Hibernating in Captivity.

The new cinnamon bear at Manhattan Beach is out of sight. He was chained firmly in a cage built outside the animal house, and when the keeper came on the ground Wednesday morning the cage was empty. On looking closer the keeper saw some fresh earth at the end of the cage. He investigated and found a big hole under the animal house, which the bear had dug during the night and crawled into. He staid there all day and is apparently asleep. He refuses to come out under any provocation, and will not eat. The keeper thinks he is hibernating, and will probably stay in his hole until next summer.—Denver Republic.

A Butterfly Ten Miles Out at Sea.

Charles Hawkins succeeded in capturing a handsome butterfly Sunday afternoon on board the tug that went out to meet the Numidian. The genial, light winged messenger from a very distant clime, no doubt, how in sight and sort of nodded to the passengers on the tug, as much as to say that everything was all right and that the rest of the crowd would soon be along. In his good nature and familiarity he took a seat on the rail and was soon made a prisoner.—Eastern (Me.) Argus.

After He Got Back.

Back of the merry bells there is occasionally a young man with toy feet and beaming hands who is hearing that a five dollar ride behind a three dollar horse is not necessarily fashionable.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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MILKING A MOOSE.

A PENOBSCOT GUIDE'S STORY OF ANOTHER TRUTHFUL GUIDE.

How "Dairyman Annance," of Moosehead, Managed to Secure Something for His Sportmen to Drink Besides the Cold, Murky Water of the Lake.

"Here's a pretty mess! The milk is all gone."

The speaker was one of a party of four New York sportsmen who, with an equal number of guides, had been cruising about on the west branch of the Penobscot, but were now camping on the shores of Chamberlain lake, preparatory to returning to North East Carry. They had been out longer than they had planned, and some of the supplies had become exhausted.

Then turning to the guides, who were lying at full length on the ground quietly enjoying the young blood's discomfort, he asked, "Isn't there a farmhouse or hotel near where we could buy some?" "Depends on what you call near," replied a woodsman. "If you don't reckon forty miles far, then we are near a house, but that's about the distance—maybe a trifle more. You want milk powerful bad, don't you? Well, you fill up on water tonight, and I maybe in the morning I can come back to you, though, mind you I don't promise."

"You'll have to get a move on you," said one of the other guides, "if you are going to try to make the Carry 'tween this and tomorrow"—well knowing that the journey in that time was impossible—for blaste Annance, if I know where you're going to find the color of milk nearer than that."

Annance made no response, but puffed silently at his favorite pipe. He had an idea, though, that he could get some milk, but did not mean to tell how.

That night, unnoticed, he left the camp about sunset, walked slowly through the woods for about a mile, and again came out on the shore of the lake at a point where a small stream formed an outlet.

This was near the place where he had seen the cow moose, and here he took up his position beside a trail leading to the water's edge, and away which he could see, if his knowledge of woodcraft did not deceive him, that the moose was in the habit of passing.

In this he was correct, for the guide had not been there more than an hour when he heard the sound of some animal approaching, and peering cautiously through the bushes he saw a cow moose making for the pool.

The animal sniffed the air a few times as he passed within a dozen paces of the hunter, but otherwise she did not show signs of alarm. She was soon in the water ridding herself of the flies and quenching her thirst.

While the moose was disporting herself Annance left his position behind the bush and walked a few steps toward her, and whenever she turned he would stand perfectly motionless.

By repeating this operation several times, he managed to reach the edge of the lake without alarming the moose. As soon as the animal showed any signs of leaving the water, the guide retreated a few steps. Once or twice did the moose raise her head and look at him, only, however, to resume her clumsy frolics.

Presently the moose made toward the shore, and Annance concealed himself behind the brush again. At the edge of the lake the animal turned to take a last look and shake the spray from her nose. Then she advanced slowly up the sloping bank. When opposite the guide she sniffed something, stopped and looked around.

That was the guide's chance, and he knew it. The critical moment had arrived, and with one quick but silent movement he was by the animal's side. She did not move except to turn her head and look at him. Annance kept near her hind quarters, well knowing that if he got in front of the moose he would not stand much chance should she become angry.

Cautiously bending forward the hunter stroked her sides and allowed her to turn and smell of him. After a few seconds, seeing the moose did not appear frightened, Annance, with little more difficulty than is experienced with many domestic animals, proceeded to fill a small pail he had brought along with rich, yellow milk.

Returning to camp, he produced the milk when breakfast was ready in the morning, having kept the pail in the water over night, much to the astonishment of the guides and sportsmen.

People who visit Moosehead often hear Charles Annance spoken of as the "dairyman," and the foregoing story is what gives him the nickname.—Lewis-Johnson.

Almost Like Jonah.
"I've had some experience myself," said an old sailor, "but two years ago I came the nearest taking after Jonah that a man ever did. We had made a strike all right and the whale went down, not very far, but when he came up he had his mouth open, and somehow or other he came up with one jaw on the port and the other on the lee side of our boat. Surprised? Well, that whale looked very much as if he was ready to receive company, but I wasn't invited, so I made a streak for another boat."—San Francisco Examiner.

Too Literal.
Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger for your second floor yet, Mr. Joslin?
Joslin (horried)—I haven't been looking for a lodger, madam.
Mrs. Fangle—Why, I'm certain my husband told me you had rooms to let in your upper story.—Exchange.

Not So Much Spare Money.
The reason why there is less speculation in mining stocks in Wall street than there was formerly is not because there is less gold and silver mined west of the Mississippi, but because there is less unemployed cash east of that river.—New York Item.

LEXINGTON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Noices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

—The joint installation of the officers to serve Post 119 and Corps 97 for the year 1893, which occurred in G. A. R. hall in P. O. block, Wednesday evening, was an interesting social and society event, which brought together more than a hundred people interested in what concerns the "boys in blue." A nicely spread and well served supper, excellent in quality, was served at 6.30 o'clock, but as there had to be a double service to accommodate all it was eight o'clock before the formal services of the evening commenced. The officers of Post 119 were first installed, Past-Commander Horace D. Durgin, assisted by Comrade Frank Marden, performing the service in a happy manner. The following is the full list:—

Commander, —C. G. Kauffmann.
Sr. Vice Com., —G. N. Gurney.
Jr. Vice Com., —J. F. Burnham.
Adjutant, —Geo. D. Harrington.
Officer of day, —G. W. Wright.
Officer of guard, —Thomas Cosgrove.
Quarter-master, —J. N. Morse.
Chaplain, —A. A. Sherman.
Serg. Maj., —H. H. Tyler.
Q. M. Serg., —Willard Walcott.
Delegate, —G. H. Cutter.
Alternate, —E. S. Locke.

Mrs. Violet C. Durgin, assisted by Mrs. Ella Hiley, Mrs. S. C. Frost and Mrs. Jessie Crosby, performed the ceremony for Corps 97 with the grace and skill which is a characteristic of all her W. R. C. work. The elective and appointed officers are as follows:—

President, —Mrs. Julia C. Maynard.
Sr. Vice, —Mrs. Mattie A. Gurney.
Jr. Vice, —Mrs. Agnes A. Packard.
Secy., —Mrs. Jennie Smith.
Treas., —Mrs. Sara A. Darling.
Chaplain, —Miss Annie Freeman.
Conductor, —Mrs. Ellen E. Locke.
Guard, —Mrs. L. A. Page.
Asst. Conr., —Mrs. Christine McDonald.
Asst. Guard, —Mrs. E. V. Sherman.
Delegate, —Mrs. Lucretia F. Frizelle.
Alternate, —Mrs. C. McDonald.

Mrs. Maynard thanked the officers for their kindness and then called upon Rev. Irving Meredith, the only guest invited by herself, to speak in her stead. Mr. Meredith said he should have liked at least a moments' warning, but it was not difficult for him to speak amid such surroundings though not easy to select a theme among the thoughts and memories crowding in upon him. A son of a soldier of the rebellion, his earliest recollections were of matters connected with that period in our history. He spoke of the uprising in response to the call for defenders of the nation's life and wondered if the young men of to-day would prove as patriotic and self-denying in the face of a similar emergency. He hoped they would. If the G. A. R. lives up to the high privilege which it enjoys as an educator, he was sure there need be no fear for the future. Brief addresses were made by Comrades H. D. Durgin, S. C. Frost, A. H. Knowles and C. S. Parker, representing Post 36; Mrs. Durgin and Mrs. Hiley from Corps 43; Comrades Darling and Kauffmann of Post 119; Mrs. Maynard and Mrs. Gurney of Corps 97. These latter addresses had a peculiar point and emphasis, Mrs. Gurney being the one through whom the Corps testified their appreciation of the worth of their retiring President, Mrs. Kirkland, by presenting an elegant gold badge, with chain and safety pin attached. Mrs. Kirkland made a fitting response. Mrs. Maynard's duty consisted in presenting to Mrs. Durgin a handsome "Lexington" souvenir orange spoon, the joint gift of herself and Commander Charles G. Kauffmann. Mrs.

Maynard was the recipient of an elegant basket of flowers, which she accepted in a few appreciative words. It will be readily perceived by this brief outline of the exercises of the evening that the affair can have but the most pleasant remembrances of all concerned.

—The No-license campaign will be fully inaugurated next month, in preparation for the annual town meeting, in March.

—An evening service will be held in the Unitarian vestry, Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Y. P. Guild.

—Master Don Rice has lost his dog. The finder will be rewarded on returning the animal.

—Last Sunday evening Rev. C. A. Staples began a series of talks on the books composing the Holy Bible, at the Unitarian church. The first address was on the book of "Genesis."

—Rev. Edw. H. Drown, of Cambridge, has been placed in charge of the parish of the Church of Our Redeemer, for the present. On Sunday, at this church, the service will be a memorial to the late lamented Bishop Phillips Brooks.

—Monday afternoon the Monday Club met once again with the president Mrs. B. F. Brown, on Hancock street. The ladies inaugurated at this time their study of Persian art and architecture.

—The "Tourists" meet this week with Florence Davis on Muzzey street. The club is still studying the works of Tennyson, which provide plenty of "mental food" for digestion.

—Childe-Hassam, the distinguished artist, makes his annual exhibition at the gallery of Doll & Richards, Park street, Boston, from Jan. 27th to Feb. 8th. His exhibit is always a marked event in art circles.

—Mr. Henry H. Scott, of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Selectman Muzzey and Major Muzzey during his visit to Boston last week to be present at the annual reunion and dinner at the Quincy House, Boston, of the 12th Mass. Regiment Association. Mr. Scott is the chaplain of the Association.

—Rev. C. A. Staples officiated at the wedding ceremony which united in holy wedlock Miss Ella T. Hutchinson, of No. Lexington, and Mr. Wm. F. Flint, of Danvers, Mass. The wedding took place at the home of the bride, on Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock.

—On Wednesday, at Concord, was held the meeting of the South Middlesex Conference of Unitarian churches, in which the Lexington church is included. Rev. C. A. Staples was present, as well as other representatives of the First Parish.

—A series of temperance meetings, held in the interest of the no-license campaign, will take place in Town Hall, on dates in the month of February. Parties are now negotiating with eminent speakers to address the Lexington people on the subject.

—The cold weather froze up a section of the apparatus at the electric light station, making it necessary to send to Connecticut for the damaged portion, thus delaying the trial of the lights till next week. It is hoped all may be in working order on Feb. 1st.

—A wareroom and cases for the disposal of burial caskets in the reception room of C. T. West's undertaking establishment have just been added by the DeVeau Bros.

—The bargains at Tucker's will be appreciated by all.

—John Morrison, the painter, is doing the outside finish of the new Baptist church.

—The engagement of Miss May Walker, of Lexington, and Mr. C. T. Butler, of Roxbury, is announced this week.

—The weekly prayer meeting of the Baptist Society was held with Mrs. Tibbets, on Muzzey street, Thursday.

—The ladies of the Baptist Society will hold a church supper and sociable in Hunt Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 2.

—You can buy your cottons, flannels, table linen, etc., as cheap at Tucker's in Hunt Bldg., as you can in Boston.

—The prayer meeting of the ladies of the Congregational church was held with Mrs. A. M. Redman, Thursday afternoon.

—The Leslie House has been entertaining sleigh parties during the excellent sleighing season. People will come to Lexington.

—J. S. Spaulding has removed to store formerly occupied by C. Royce, dealer in dry goods. This store is adapted to the "shoe trade," being central, near P. O., etc. New lines are being added each week and the facilities for repairing are first-class. There is to be a "bargain counter" where goods will be sold cheap, making this the leading shoe store.

—Next Monday evening, Jan. 30, will be observed what is termed Christian Endeavor Day among the members of this organization. The Hancock Endeavor society will hold their weekly meeting on this occasion and Duncan McLaughlin and Miss Bertha Redman will conduct the exercises. The topic selected is "The day of small things. God's blessing upon it."

—A parish tea was the occasion of a pleasant informal gathering of the people attending the First Parish church, on Thursday evening. After tea had been served a discussion of the project of making this church a "free church," to be supported by voluntary contributions, was taken part in by members of the parish who always show a vital interest in the welfare of their home church.

—On Wednesday afternoon, from four to six o'clock, the Goodwin residence off Merriam street was hospitably thrown open for one of those pleasant social functions—an "at home"—which was largely attended by ladies of Lexington and of the adjoining towns and cities. Madam Goodwin received her guests with her usual gracious and cordial manner and was assisted by Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Goodwin who charmingly seconded the efforts of their mother in making their friends welcome. An elegant "tea" was served during the hours of the reception.

—Owing to a misunderstanding between her and her secretary, Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden was unable to keep her appointment at Lexington on Tuesday, at half past two, but arrived later in the afternoon and addressed a goodly company of ladies in the parlor of Keeley Institute on the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she is a prominent and distinguished member. The subject of her address was "The rise, growth and progress of the W. C. T. U." She gave the ladies a full and graphic account of the work pursued and the objects aimed at by the Union, and by such great and conspicuous lights in the work as Mrs. Leavitt and Lady Somerset showed that the organization was gathering to itself women of great talent and ability, and had won for itself a high place in the respect of all interested in the advancement of philanthropic movements. Mrs. Fessenden's fascinating personality made her talk wield a strong influence over those who heard her in favor of the work just being introduced by our local Union.

—The first of next week will find the improvements on F. C. Jones' store, on Main street, completed. The old store has been enlarged by building out toward the street about fifteen feet, which now makes the store of generous proportions and one of the most desirable in town both for size and location. Large show windows give additional light, and the space is generously furnished with convenient counters and numerous glass show cases. Cabinets for newspapers and periodicals, for the display of stationery and other wares, give all a trim and business like aspect. A large and handsome new soda fountain, of a rich dark French marble and silver trimmings, with over cabinet and mirror framed in antique oak, is a conspicuous addition to the other radical improvements in the store. The painters and paper hangers have decorated the ceiling and walls with much taste, an agreeable tone of cream and salmon tints having been selected for their treatment. The large number of patrons and friends of Mr. Jones are invited to call and see the new quarters. One of the most radical changes in the premises has been effected by lowering the floor eighteen inches adding just so much to the height of the room and making the store of easy access from the street.

—The installation of the officers of Independence Lodge, A. O. U. W., took place under happy auspices in their lodge room, in Post Office Block, Tuesday evening. District Deputy Tithall, of Wattham, officiated as installing master, and

highly complimented the lodge on their record of the past year and the results shown on this occasion of the high standing of the organization. A new candidate was initiated on Tuesday evening. After the officers had been installed Past Master Workman Bicknell was invited to step forward, and in a neat and appropriate speech Foreman Frank Peabody presented him with an elegant and costly Past-Master Workman's badge as a mark of appreciation from the officers and members of Independence Lodge. At the close of these pleasant exercises a handsome supper was furnished by Caterer N. J. Hardy, for which he is to be highly complimented for its exceptional excellence. Speeches and informal social intercourse agreeably filled the remainder of the evening. The officers installed for the ensuing year are as follows:—

Past Master, —Q. Bicknell, Jr.
Master, —D. A. Dow.
Foreman, —Frank Peabody.
Overseer, —G. A. Warner.
Recorder, —C. H. Sherman.
Financial, —E. S. Locke.
Receiver, —A. E. Locke.
Guide, —John McKay.
Inside Watch, —Stilman Kimball.
Outside Watch, —Lester Tompkins.
Trustee, 3 years, —H. M. Howard.

Arlington Locals.

Continued from 1st page.

—We are indebted to Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson, who was mainly instrumental in establishing the same, the following particulars in regard to "Arlington Study Club," and the prescribed course as laid out by the committee:—

"The study of the history of the discovery of North America naturally divides itself into three parts: First,—How did this continent, unknown for so many centuries, become known? Second,—Who were the brave navigators who dared to push forth into unknown seas in search of the far away land? Third,—How did it happen that a continent, discovered by an Italian in vessels of Spain and succeeded by Portuguese and the French, became New England? As will be seen from the outline given below these questions will be fully answered in the ten evenings to be devoted to the discovery of America." The course is as follows:—

- I. HOW IT CAME ABOUT.
 1. Ancient America.
 2. The origin of the American Indian.
 3. The Indian at the time of the discovery.
- II. The world before Columbus.
 1. The views of the ancient Greeks
 2. Ptolemy and Tascannelli.
 3. The Northmen.
- III. The new birth of the world.
 1. Marco Polo.
 2. Printing and the revival of learning.
 3. What gunpowder did.
- IV. Sailing around Africa.
 1. The old Phoenicians and Prince Henry.
 2. Around the Cape of Good Hope.
- V. WHO THE DISCOVERERS WERE.
 1. Christopher Columbus.
 2. His early life and character.
 3. His four voyages.
 4. His last days.
 5. Books upon Columbus.
- VI. The first successors of Columbus.
 1. The Cabots.
 2. Americus Vesputius.
 3. Balboa and Magellan.
- VII. Cortez and Pizarro.
 1. Ancient races in Mexico and Peru.
 2. The conquest of Mexico.
 3. The conquest of Peru.
- VIII. WHAT WAS DONE WITH THE DISCOVERY.
 1. What Spain did.
 2. Las Casas and Ponce de Leon.
 3. DeSoto.
 4. Coronado.
- IX. What France did.
 1. Champlain.
 2. The Huguenots in Florida.
 3. The French in the west.
- X. What England did.
 1. Early voyagers: Hawkins, Drake, Gilbert.
 2. Later voyagers: Sir Walter Raleigh, John Smith.
 3. Why North America is an English speaking people.

—The Christian Endeavor service at the Universalist church, last Sunday evening, was made a "Tennyson Memorial" service and was in charge of the president of the society, Mrs. F. B. Wadleigh. An appropriate and elaborate program was prepared which made the service of more than usual merit and interest. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. I. C. Tomlinson and after singing by the audience Mrs. C. H. Easte read the first of several excellent papers relative to Tennyson and his works. The paper was entitled "A sketch of the early life of Tennyson," and was followed by a reading of "Enoch Arden," by Miss Mary Hadley. Mrs. Fannie Hawkins gave a sketch of the later life and public honors of the poet laureate and Miss Fayette Fuller recited "In Memoriam." A carefully prepared essay was read by Mrs. Wadleigh on the poetical genius of Tennyson, while Mr. L. K. Russell gave some account of his religious sentiments. A soprano solo by Miss Higgins, who rendered "The Brook," and the singing interspersed during the literary program gave a pleasant variety to the service.

—The Endeavor Society of the Baptist church held an interesting and pleasant sociable in the vestries, last Wednesday evening, having invited the society at the Heights to be present. An oyster supper was furnished from caterer Hardy's and served at 7.15, two tables being used to accommodate the company. After supper an entertaining program was given. Miss Alice Johnson played a piano solo, and Master Fred Roberts gave a recitation. Prof. Schwamb furnished a delightful and instructive hour giving an account of his recent tour in China and Japan, explaining the modes of travel and other interesting features pertaining to these unique foreign countries. The remainder of the evening was spent socially.

—I have been using Salsaparilla Oil for a time back, and think it is the best remedy I have ever used. C. E. Darling, 15 Central ave., Lynn, Mass.

He Broke the Record.

"Talk about getting there," said an Eighth ward preacher yesterday. "If I didn't break the record Christmas Sunday, I don't want the medal. It was this way: Just half an hour before the services opened my organist sent word that she was ill and couldn't appear. There we were, a lot of Christmas music prepared, with an organ voluntary for morning and evening on the programme. Then I came to the front, and with half an hour's practice went on and played the music myself, besides preaching the sermon and leading the singing. You should have seen me."

"First I would read, then play an accompaniment, then dodge up again and pray, hopping up and down like a bird on a twig, and I got through all right too. How did I manage the voluntary? Well, you see music is my profession—I do not call preaching a profession, it is a calling—and I just improvised, mixing in dance music, drawing the frisky notes out long to make Sunday music out of them. Oh, I was all right. When my voice fails me I will only just have to fall back on my profession. Good day. Got to fly, you know—mighty busy," and the sturdy little preacher dived for the elevator and enlivened its downward trip on the same by singing a few improvised bars of opera to the office boy. —Minneapolis Tribune.

The Newspaper.

The newspaper is essentially a commercial enterprise—the preparation and putting upon the market of something to sell. It is of the same nature as an ordinary merchant's. The rule in every well regulated shop is that the clerks shall not discuss religion, politics or any disputed topic with the customers. Where the editorial department of a newspaper enters into the enterprise the commodity offered for sale is opinions, and a constituency is therefore presumed to be in the market which is willing to pay for seeing the opinions in print. But the fact is that no paper limits its solicitation of trade to any special constituency. It solicits advertisements from all classes, it prints news for all classes, and in various other ways appeals to all classes. Editorials which please only one class and displease many others are a drawback to the paper, without being an advantage to the reader.—Boston Review.

Frozen Almost Solid on a Car Platform.

When the Chicago and Alton "hummer" drew up at Joliet Thursday afternoon the passengers waiting to take the train saw a man drop off the bumpers on the front end of the baggage car. Help was given him, when it was found that he was dying. His ears, face and feet were frozen stiff. He was taken to the hospital, where the doctors and nurses tried unsuccessfully to restore him. The doctors say he was frozen almost solid. His name was John Bussey and he was thirty-nine years old. He got on the train at Pontiac to go to Dwight, getting on the front end of the baggage car, but the "hummer" does not stop until Joliet, fifty-five miles away, is reached. There is no door in the front end of the baggage car, and he had to stay outside. He met a terrible fate, the worst blizzard of the season catching him in full force.—Cor. Chicago News-Record.

A Georgia Statesman's Recreation.

There is musical genius in the Georgia congressional delegation. Colonel Livingston plays the flute. The colonel has an old flute that has seen service for many years, but is still mellow in tone and its notes are always true. The colonel's flute playing is, however, a secret. He never plays in public, but in the seclusion of his room, with the door locked and the windows closed, the colonel often performs in tones that are captivating to the one who is so fortunate to hear him. The colonel can play "Tara-ra Boom-de-ay" and "Chippie, Get Your Hair Cut" in the most approved style, besides all the old southern melodies.—Atlanta Constitution.

Recent Mortality Among Dukes.

The mortality among dukes, comparing their limited numbers to the immense concourse of untitled folk, has been exceptional during the last two years. The Duke of Marlborough makes the ninth who has died in that period. It must be remembered that, excluding royal titles, there are only twenty-seven dukes in the United Kingdom altogether. Therefore in two years or a little more one-third of the holders of dukedoms have died, while two of the titles—Buckingham and Cleveland—have become extinct.—London Tit-Bits.

A \$300,000 Skating Pond.

One of this city's richest men, John D. Rockefeller, the Standard oil king, is so fond of the outdoor sport of skating that he has a private skating rink on his property near his residence. The pond is on a vacant lot, 50 by 90 feet, next door to the millionaire's fifth avenue residence, near Fifty-fourth street. The lots on which the pond is located are valued at \$300,000. Mr. Rockefeller recently bought 100 pairs of skates for the use of his family and friends on the rink. He is a good skater himself.—New York Press.

Uncle Sam's Japanese Indians.

A tree was felled by a storm here recently, and beneath the roots that were turned up were found Japanese cooking utensils and a hammer and club, both corresponding to such as are used by the Japanese. The rings on the tree were counted after the tree was cut in two, and 300 rings proved the tree to be as many years old, clearly showing that the Japanese were here or pointing to the Siwash Indians as of Japanese origin.—Vancouver Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The horse and cattle industries of southeastern Oregon are reported to be in a depressed condition, and many ranchers are dropping both and turning to sheep raising.

The oldest living of the established church, Dr. Deane, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He is an old gentleman, with strong and healthy.

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